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MORAL and INTERESTING  
Epitaphs,  
AND  
REMARKABLE MONUMENTAL  
INSCRIPTIONS;  
WITH  
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, &c. &c.

---

---

BY WILLIAM HENNEY,  
*Of Hammersmith, late of Kensington.*

---

---

"Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
"A sigh the absent claims—the dead a tear."—POPE.

—•••••—

London :

PRINTED BY GOLD, 24, WARDOUR-STREET;  
And Sold by MARTIN, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-  
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE READER,

*THE Editor of the following Sheets having, in the course of his periprinations in many parts of the Kingdom, been curious to visit the depositories of the Dead, and to copy, for his own amusement, those Monumental Inscriptions that appeared to him the most remarkable, does now, at the earnest solicitation of many private Friends who wish to serve himself and a numerous Family, offer them to the Public at a small expense.*

*Should the selection which he has made, prove in any degree entertaining to the Reader, he shall feel himself highly gratified, and at the same time express his most grateful thanks to all those who have honored him with their Subscription.*

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## ERRATA.

Page 37, line 7th, for *he*, read *she*.

..... line 8th, for *she*, read *he*.

Page 78, line 7th, for *God*, read *good*.

A SELECTION OF  
**Epitaphs, Elegies,**  
*&c. &c.*

---

KENSINGTON CHURCH-YARD.  
*In Memory of John and Isabella Lawson, died*  
1785.

**M**UTUAL in love, they led a happy life,  
Eager in friendship, much averse to strife;  
The parent's tender care, oh! friend was thine,  
And faith in Christ, by thee, held most divine,  
To all relations generous and kind.  
By most acquaintance lov'd and esteem'd,  
In charitable acts each bore equal part,  
She did promote the good he had at heart;  
Thus for the general weal the utmost done,  
Heaven doom'd that they should quickly move,  
To join the blessed in the realms above.  
Too much of life they saw to wish for more,  
And joyfully returned to nature's store;  
Certain of death, to bed, resign'd they went,  
And 'ere fate gave the blow, they smil'd, assent.  
Then mourn not children, relatives, and friends,  
Their souls are happy, and that's sweet amends.

## KENSINGTON.

*On Miss E. M. Johnston, died 1800, aged three  
years and four months.*

AND why, my friends, these melting tears,  
And why those weeping eyes,  
To view the babe you dearly lov'd,  
So early win the prize.

## HAMMERSMITH.

*In Memory of Mrs. E. Nowland and her Infant,  
1796.*

IF wit, that never shot a venom'd dart,  
Wit form'd to heal the mind, not wound the heart;  
If sense, the inmate of a candid breast,  
Where all the virtues took their tranquil rest.  
If beauty, interest, animation, grace,  
Which all were pictured in a lovely face,  
Could turn the arm of ruthless death aside,  
Save the sweet flower in all it's op'ning pride;  
Preserve it still, to flourish past compare,  
Bloom with it's budding flow'ret, heav'nly fair.  
The flow'r and flow'ret had not known decay,  
Just in their rising morn, and noon of day;

• • • • •  
• • • • •

Damp'd with a husband's and a parent's tears,  
This stone shall tell to other days and years,  
A child more dutious, or a wife more true,  
Nor husband ever own, nor parent ever knew.

## HAMMERSMITH.

*Mr. Edward Brier, aged 65, 1805.*

WHY spring those tears, and what avail those sighs,  
 No heart here feels them, and no tongue replies ;  
 At death our cares and fears, and passions cease,  
 His silent mansion is th' abode of peace:  
 Yet to a much lov'd husband, father, friend,  
 Let mem'ry cling, and near his image tend ;  
 Retrace his steps, behold his virtues rise,  
 In brighter forms to fix our darksome eyes ;  
 'Till led by faith, our course of trial o'er,  
 We meet in endless bliss to part no more.

## HILLINGDON.

*Epitaph on a Young Lady,*

BEAUTIES of mind and form, possess'd by few,  
 Nature, with bounteous hand to her had given.  
 " Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
 She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."  
 There angels now she dwells among,  
 Herself the brightest of the throng.

## PADDINGTON CHURCH-YARD.

*Epitaph on Thomas Walker, obiit. 1808, ætatis. 31.*

BOUNDS the warm tide of youth along thy veins !  
 Swell thy aspiring mind with thoughts profound,  
 Of high accomplishment and lasting praise !  
 Then, traveller, pause awhile, this humble stone  
 Shall speak the admonition eloquent.



The strength of manhood flourish'd in the frame  
 Of him, who moulders here beneath thy feet.  
 Deep admiration of the works of God,  
 With contemplation, patient and profound,  
 Had now matured his intellectual powers,  
 His hand and heart in confidence were raised,  
 To give existence to his teeming thoughts ;  
 When forth th' inevitable fiat came,  
 That hurl'd him to the grave. Dark are the ways  
 Of Providence, inscrutable to man ;  
 O ! ponder this in holiness of thought,  
 And with a holy fear, pass on.—Farewell,

---

NORWICH.

*Anna Skedge, aged 21, died 1739.*

READER, beneath this monument is laid,  
 The body of a pious prudent maid ;  
 Her bright pious soul above the lofty sky,  
 Shall dwell in peace and joy eternally.  
 Then let us not in vain lament her fate,  
 But her great virtues strive to imitate ;  
 And let her early exit always be,  
 An earnest admonition unto thee.

---

ATTLEBURGH, NORFOLK.

*On Capt. John Gibbs, aged 48, died 1695.*

THIS narrow space confines his dear remains,  
 Whose glorious better part survives and reigns ;  
 Immortal virtues now embalm his name,

And fix him high in the great list of fame.  
 The gen'rous friendship that adorn'd his mind,  
 Was boundless as the needs of human kind ;  
 But where relations did the band endear,  
 The rays contracted did more warm appear ;  
 So good a husband, father, brother, son,  
 As few have equall'd, none have e'er outdone,  
 Such charity, thro' his whole life was shewn,  
 As made the wants of others seem his own.  
 His soul so truly brave, he knew no fear,  
 E'en death itself, made no impression there ;  
 'Tis true, he yielded ! but death lost his prize,  
 For he but stooped, that he might higher rise.

**PUTNEY, SURREY.**

*Lieut. Davidson, on his Wife.*

I have cross'd this earth's equator just sixteen times,  
 And in my Country's cause have brav'd far distant  
 climes,  
 In Howe's, Trafalgar, and several vict'ries more,  
 Firm and undaunted heard the cannons roar.  
 Trampling in human blood, I felt not any fear,  
 Nor for my slaughter'd gallant messmates shed a  
 tear ;  
 But of a dear wife by death unhappily beguild,  
 E'en the British sailor must become a child.  
 Yet, when from this earth, God shall my soul un-  
 fetter,  
 I hope we'll meet in another world and better.

## HAMPSTEAD.

*John Jonston, Watch-maker, aged 43, 1800.*

FOR honest worth, let friendship drop a tear,  
Who knew him best, lament him most sincere ;  
In all his actions, gen'rous, just, and kind,  
His regulator was a virtuous mind.  
Strict in his morals, in his manners kind,  
A better man, look far, you will not find.

---

## WYCOMBE, BUCKS.

*On Elizabeth King, aged 24, 1782.*

GO happy spirit, free from sin and cares,  
Go claim the palm which patience bears ;  
Enjoy the meed victorious meekness gains,  
Go take the crown triumphant faith obtains.  
What artful vice and humble worth conceal,  
The day of dread disclosure shall reveal ;  
Then shall thy life in sweet memorial rise,  
And God, himself the judge, award the prize.

---

## WIGLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE.

*On the Rev. Mr. Prince, aged 74, 1757.*

WHO lies here ? Reader stay,  
I, Thomas Prince, lie in clay ;  
And he that reads, think of me,  
And of the glass that runs for thee.

## ISLINGTON.

*James Testar, aged 65, died Oct. 1811.*

BENEATH this sod, a mortal's mould'ring frame,  
Sown in corruption, waits a nobler claim ;  
Till that illustrious morning shall arrive,  
When all that sleep in dust, shall rise to live,  
No more to die, but in eternal days,  
To praise the wisdom of redeeming grace.  
Pause, Reader! meditate upon thy doom,  
Each fleeting moment wafts thee to the tomb.

---

## CHISWICK.

*On John Ayton Thompson.*

IF in the morn of life, each winning grace,  
The converse sweet, the mind, illumin'd face,  
The lively wit that charm'd with early art,  
And mild affections streaming from the heart.  
If these, lov'd youth, could check the hand of fate,  
Thy matchless worth had claim'd a longer date ;  
But thou art blest, while here we heave the sigh,  
Thy death is virtue, wafted to the sky.  
Yet still thy image, fond affection keeps,  
The sire remembers, and the mother weeps ;  
Still the friend grieves, who saw thy vernal bloom,  
And here, sad task, inscribe it on thy tomb.

*Dorcas, Wife of T. Lackington, Merton, Surrey,  
aged 45, 1795.*

LADIES, who chance to frisk this way,  
With honest hearts, and spirits gay,  
A serious moment give to one,  
Who sleeps beneath this earth and stone.  
A better daughter never liv'd,  
A better wife ne'er husband griev'd ;  
To her the claims of kindred dear,  
The tender orphan would she rear.  
Nor e'er did to the grave descend,  
A more sincere or faithful friend ;  
Think on her virtues—heave a sigh,  
That goodness, such as her's, should die.  
And whether you are maid or wife,  
Go, imitate her former life ;  
And when to Heav'n, you yield your breath,  
May you, like her, have peace in death.

---

BOLTON, YORKSHIRE.

Blush not, marble, to rescue from oblivion the  
Memory of

HENRY JENKINS,

A person obscure by birth, but of life truly me-  
morable ; for he was enriched with the goods  
of nature, if not of fortune ;

And happy in the duration, if not variety of  
enjoyments ;

And tho' the partial world  
 Despised and disregarded  
 His low and humble state,  
 The equal eye of Providence  
 Beheld and blessed it.  
 With a Patriarch's health, and length of days,  
 To teach mistaken man,  
 These blessings are entailed on temperance, a life of  
 labour, and a mind at ease;  
 He lived to the amazing age of one hundred and  
 sixty-nine.  
 Was interred here 1670, and had this justice done  
 to his Memory 1743.

---

MERTON, SURREY.

*Mrs. Jane Hopkins, aged 34, who ended her valued  
 life 25th May, 1788.*

REMEMBER, Reader, death will be thy fate,  
 Therefore prepare before it be too late;  
 Even such is time who takes in trust  
 Our youth, our joys, and all we have,  
 And pay us nought but age and dust,  
 Within the dark and silent grave;  
 Which, when we've wand'ring all our ways,  
 Concludes the number of our days.

---

ST. GEORGE'S IN THE EAST.

*William Gardner, aged 58, died 1810.*

HAIL, happy Saint, thou now hast taken thy flight  
 From earth, to dwell in realms of light;

With sin and sorrow thou art for ever done,  
 The battle's fought, the victory Christ has won.  
 With him in glory thou art now shut in,  
 But cease, dear spouse, to strike thy loudest string  
 'Till I shall join in the melodious song,  
 To praise his name with all the ransom'd throng.

---

IN THE CHURCH AT HALSTEAD, ESSEX,  
*Over the Heads of two Marble Busts, of the name of  
 Knight.*

O fairest pattern to a fallen age,  
 Whose public virtue knew no party rage ;  
 Whose private all no titles recommend,  
 The pious son, fond husband, faithful friend.  
 In manners plain, in sense alone refin'd,  
 Good without shew, and without weakness kind ;  
 To reasons equal dictate ever true,  
 Calm to restore, and constant to pursue.  
 In life with ev'ry social grace adorn'd,  
 In death, by friendship, honor, virtue, mourn'd.

---

CATHEDRAL, BRISTOL.

*On Mrs. Mason.*

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul hold's dear,  
 Take that best gift which Heav'n so lately gave ;  
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care,  
 Her faded form she bow'd to taste the wave,  
 And died ! Does youth, does beauty, read the line ?  
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?

Speak, dear Maria! breath a strain divine,  
 E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to  
 charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee,

Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move,

And if so fair, from vanity as free;

As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.

Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,

It was ev'n to thee! yet the dread path once trod  
 Heaven lift's its everlasting portals high,

And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

#### NORWICH.

*On Priscilla Spunnell, aged 60, 1742.*

'TIS mine to-day to moulder in the tomb,

To-morrow may thy awful summons come;

Thus frail, and sleep secure! awake, or know

Thy dreams will terminate in endless woe.

Wake and contend for Heaven's immortal prize,

And give to God each moment as it flies;

Serene then may'st thou recollect the past,

And with a sacred transport meet the last.

*Inscription on the Monument of the late Rev. W.  
 Romaine, A. M.*

In a vault beneath lies the mortal part

Of the Rev. WILLIAM ROMAINE, A. M.

Thirty years Rector of these united parishes, and 46

Years Lecturer of St. Dunstan's in the West.



### **Raised up of God**

**For an important work in his Church ;**

**A scholar of extensive learning ; a Christian of  
eminent piety ;**

**A preacher of peculiar gifts and animation ;  
Consecrating all his talents to the investigation of  
sacred truth,**

**During a ministry of more than half a century ;  
He lived, conversed, and wrote, only to exalt the  
Saviour.**

### **Mighty in the Scriptures,**

**He ably defended, with eloquence and zeal,  
The equal perfections of the Tri-une Jehovah,  
Exhibited in Man's Redemption ;  
The Father's everlasting Love ;**

**The atonement, righteousness, and complete sal-  
vation of the Son ;**

**The regenerating influence of the Eternal Spirit ;  
With the operations and enjoyments of a purifying  
Faith.**

**When displaying these essential doctrines of the  
Gospel,**

**With a simplicity and fervor rarely united,  
His enlivened countenance expressed the joy of his  
Soul ;**

**God owned the truth,  
And multitudes, raised from guilt and ruin, to the  
hope of endless felicity,  
Became seals to his Ministry, the blessings and the  
ornaments of Society.**

Having manifested the purity of his principles in  
his life to the age of 81;  
July 26, 1795, he departed in the triumph of faith,  
And entered into glory.

ST. GEORGE'S IN THE EAST.

*Sacred to the Memory of Mr. Timothy Marr, aged  
24 years, also Mrs. Celia Marr, aged 24 years,  
and their Son, Timothy Marr, aged three months,  
all of whom were most inhumanly Murdered in  
their Dwelling-house, No. 29, Ratcliffe-highway,  
December 8, 1811.*

STOP, mortal, stop, as you pass by,  
And view the grave wherein do lie,  
A father, mother, and a son,  
Whose earthly course was shortly run !  
For lo ! all in one fatal hour,  
O'ercome were they with ruthless power,  
And murder'd in a cruel state,  
Yea, far too horrid to relate,  
They spar'd not one to tell the tale ;  
One for the other could not wail,  
The other's fate they never sighed,  
Loving they liv'd, together died.  
Reflect, oh ! Reader, on thy fate,  
And turn from sin before too late ;  
Life is uncertain in this world,  
Oft' in a moment we are hurl'd,  
To endless bliss, or endless pain,  
So let not sin within you reign.

*On Mrs. Ellen, late Wife of Mr. Temple, of Malton,  
Surgeon.*

HERE, in just hope, above the stars to rise,  
The mortal part of Ellen Temple lies ;  
In whom those beauties of a spotless mind,  
Faith and good works were happily combin'd.  
A patient, careful, constant, loving wife,  
The foe of scandal and domestic strife ;  
The tender mother, undesembling friend,  
Who grac'd those virtues with a pious end ;—  
Who, still preserving an unblemish'd name,  
Ne'er meanly strove to taint a neighbour's fame ;  
Who play'd, as Reader thou should do her part,  
With inward peace, and rectitude of heart ;  
Who, Christian like, resigns her final breath,  
And, dying free from censure—smil'd at death.

---

HANWELL.

*Mrs. Moore, aged 40, 1806.*

HOW blest to die when sov'reign faith makes sure,  
At life's high fount an everlasting cure.

---

HANWELL.

*Mrs. Mary Dear.*

ON Christ the anchor of my soul,  
For pardon I do rest,  
O may my soul ascend to God  
And be for ever blest.

## LOUGHBOROUGH.

*On the Rev. John Alleyne, B. D. died 1739.—The  
name of the other Minister is worn off the tomb.*

VAIN to the dead are tears, and vain is praise,  
And vain each fond memorial we can raise,  
So on the pile Arabian incense thrown,  
Glads with its sweets the living sense alone.  
The friends we mourn, with sacred love were fraught,  
And truths divine with Christian zeal they taught;  
Still may they teach, still from the grave impart,  
Such truths as melt the eye, and mend the heart.  
Oh! from the tomb may holy musings rise,  
And life's poor triflers, as they read, grow wise;  
For friendship poureth not the plaintive strain,  
Nor builds the hallow'd monuments in vain;  
If the sad marble bids the living pause,  
Advice one moment to reflection draws.

---

*On Mr. Mundy, of Hammersmith—Family of  
Eight Children.*

FINISH'D the glorious work of sov'reign grace,  
They now behold their Saviour, face to face;  
Secure from every sin that once distress'd,  
Safe in the haven of eternal rest.  
Short was their journey through this vale of tears,  
For God remov'd them when in early years;  
Joyful their souls to quit this house of clay,  
And wing their flight to realms of endless day.

## KENSINGTON.

*In Memory of James Hutchings, died 1775, aged 74.*

O ye who careless tread this hallow'd ground,  
 A word of good advice will here be found ;  
 Before all things 'twill necessary be,  
 Your faith be founded on the Holy Three !  
 Know your good works no merits have at all,  
 They're all imperfect since first Adam's fall ;  
 But tho' imperfect, if they are sincere,  
 And you press forward to perfection here.  
 Such works, thro' grace, shall have it's blest reward,  
 They're not in vain, through Jesus Christ our Lord ;  
 By these posthumous lines your good I seek,  
 For by this stone, (tho' dead) I yet may speak.  
 I now have liv'd to David's age of men,  
 I wrote these lines at three score years and ten ;  
 But longer on your patience not to dwell,  
 I take of all, my solemn last farewell.

J. Hutchings.

## ST. JAMES'S, CLERKENWELL.

*On John Weaver, Esq. aged 56, a learned  
 Antiquary.*

WEAVER, who labour'd in a learned strain,  
 To make men, long since dead, to live again ;  
 And with the expence of oil and ink did watch,  
 From the worm's mouth, the sleeping corpse to  
 catch.

Hath by his industry begot a way,  
 Death who insinuates all things to betray ;

Redeeming freely by his care and cost,  
 Many a sad hearse which time long since have lost,  
 And to forgotten dust such spirit did give,  
 To make it in our mem'ries to live.  
 Wheresoe'er a ruin'd tomb be found,  
 His pen has built it new out of the ground ;  
 'Twixt earth and him, this interchange we find,  
 She hath to him, he been to her like kind.  
 She was his mother, he a grateful child,  
 Made her his theme in a large work compil'd;  
 Of funerals, reliques, and brave structure rear'd,  
 On such who seem'd unto her most endear'd.  
 Alternately, to him, a grave she lent,  
 O'er which, his book, remains his monument.  
 Lancashire gave me birth, and Cambridge education,  
 Middlesex gave me death, and this church my hu-  
 miliation ;  
 And Christ to me has given, a place with him in  
 Heaven.

*This Monument was made at the cost and charge of*  
*John Skillicorn, Esq. 1632.*

---

NEWCASTLE.

*On Mr. Forster.*

I'VE kept the faith, a good fight fought, have I,  
 My God and sov'reign serv'd, here quarter'd lie ;  
 With dust disbanded, 'till the last tramp hence,  
 Rally these tombs by it's influencè.  
 Then with the loyal bands, receive I may,  
 A crown of glory for the gen'ral pay.

## ST. NICHOLAS, NEWCASTLE.

HERE lies buried under this stone,  
 Of John Bennett, both body and bone ;  
 Late of these north parts, Master of the Ord'nance,  
 Who deceas'd by God's Providence,  
 The eighth day of the month, July,  
 In perfect faith, love, and charity,  
 A thousand five hundred sixty and eight,  
 Whose soul to heav'n, he trusted went straight ;  
 Thro' God's great mercy, bloodshed, and death,  
 Which only he trusted to during his breath.  
 So trust we, his wife and children who caused this,  
 And Captain Carvell a friend of his.

## WIMBLEDON, SURREY.

*Miss E. Davies, aged 34.*

STAY ! Christian, stay ! nor let thy haste profane,  
 The humble stone, whose more than moral strain,  
 Bid thee for death, impending death, prepare,  
 While yet the day delights thee, and is fair.  
 Her beauty is in mould'ring ruins lost,  
 A blossom nipp'd, by an untimely frost ;  
 Unwarn'd, yet unsurpris'd, found on her guard,  
 Like a wise virgin waiting for her Lord..  
 In life's sweet op'ning dawn she sought her God,  
 And the gay paths of youth with caution trod ;  
 In bloom of beauty, humbly turn'd aside,  
 The irksome flattery offered to her pride.  
 Her front, with virgin modesty she bound,

And on her lips, the law of truth was found ;  
 Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend,  
 Belov'd by all, to all the good a friend ;  
 The bad she censur'd, by herself alone,  
 Blind to their faults, severe upon her own.  
 In other's joys and griefs a part she bore,  
 And with the needy, shar'd her little store.

---

*On General Withers, by Pope.*

HERE Withers rests, thou bravest gentlest mind,  
 The country's friend, but more of human kind ;  
 Oh, born to arms, Oh worth, in youth approv'd,  
 Oh soft humanity, in age belov'd ;  
 For thee the hardy veteran draws a tear,  
 And the gay courtier feels the sight sincere.  
 Withers adieu ! yet not with thee remove,  
 Thy martial spirit, or thy social love ;  
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,  
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age.  
 Nor let us say those English glories gone,  
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

---

PENTONVILLE.

*On Elizabeth Pars, aged 54, died 1793. Dedicated by truth, and inscribed by friendship.*

IF moral virtue lead to moral good,  
 And bright example make it understood ;  
 Here, read the lesson from departed worth,  
 So few can teach thee on thy kindred earth.



Her truth unsullied, and her heart sincere,  
 Religion's compass taught her how to steer;  
 In ev'ry exercise of social love,  
 The semblance rose, to meet her God above.  
 Go then and profit by such active zeal,  
 And present conduct, future bliss shall seal.

---

HEYDON, NORFOLK.

*Edward Colfer, Esq. aged 65, 1657.*

HE learnt to die while he had breath,  
 And so he lives e'en after death.

---

*Miss Mary Evans, aged 24.*

BENEATH this stone, here lies entomb'd,  
 A blossom cropp'd, just as it bloom'd;  
 It was this tender virgin's care,  
 To trim her lamp, and oil prepare;  
 Thus well prepar'd, she did stand,  
 To wait the time of God's command.  
 At twenty-four he gave the word,  
 She went in peace to meet her Lord;  
 Methought I heard the Saviour say,  
 Thou blessed soul come now away,  
 Unto a kingdom fix'd for thee,  
 Both now and to eternity.

---

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT-GARDEN.

*Wm. Smith, aged 43, died 1802.*

HERE lies interr'd beneath this stone,  
 A sinner sav'd by grace alone.

*On Three Infants, in Bunhill-Fields.*

BOLD infidelity turn pale and die,  
 Beneath this stone three infants ashes lie ;  
 Say, are they lost or sav'd.  
 If Heav'n by works, in Heav'n they can't appear,  
 If death's by sin, they sinn'd because they're here ;  
 Revere the Bible's sacred page, for there the knot's  
 untid ;  
 They died, for Adam's sin ; they live, for Jesus died.

---

CHISWICK.

*On Hogarth, by Garrick, died Oct. 26, 1764.*

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind,  
 Who reach'd the noblest point of art,  
 Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,  
 And thro' the eye correct the heart.  
 If genius fire thee, Reader stay,  
 If nature touch thee, drop a tear ;  
 If neither move, turn away,  
 For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

---

WOODFORD CHURCH-YARD.

*Epitaph on a Lady.*

SERENELY bright in bridal smiles array'd,  
 The purple spring its blossom'd sweets display'd,  
 While raptur'd fancy saw full many a year,  
 In bliss revolving, urge its gay career.  
 But ah ! how deep a gloom the skies o'er spread,  
 How swift the dear delusive vision fled :  
 Disease and pain the ling'ring hours consume,

And secret feed on youth's corroded bloom.  
 Ceas'd are the songs that fill'd the nuptial grove,  
 The dance of pleasure in the bow'r of love ;  
 For Hymen's lamp, funeral torches glare,  
 And mournful dirges rend the midnight air.  
 Oh ! thou whose cheek the rival of the rose,  
 With all the flush of vernal beauty glows,  
 Whose pulses high with youthful vigour bound,  
 The brightest fair in fashions mazy round.  
 Approach with awe the mansions of the dead,  
 And as the grave's drear bourn thy footsteps tread,  
 Mark :—midst these ravages of fate and time,  
 Where worth lies buried in its loveliest prime ;  
 Where youth's extinguish'd fires no longer burn,  
 And beauty slumbers in the mould'ring urn.  
 Oh ! pause, and bending o'er fair Stella's tomb,  
 Mourn her hard lot, and read thy future doom ;  
 Soft lies the sod that shields from wintry rains,  
 And blasting winds my Stella's lov'd remains.  
 May angels guard the consecrated ground,  
 And flowers as lovely bloom for ever round,  
 Meek sufferers ! who, by nameless woes oppress'd,  
 The patience of the expiring lamp possess'd.  
 When many a tedious moon thy fever'd veins  
 Throbb'd with the raging hectic's fiery pains,  
 Nor heav'd a sigh ! save that alone which bore  
 Triumphant virtue to a happier shore.  
 Stella, whose streaming eye ne'er ceas'd to flow,  
 When sorrow pour'd the plaint of genuine woe ;  
 Whose mind was pure as that unsullied ray,  
 Which beams from Heaven and lights the orb of day ;

Sweet be thy slumbers on this mossy bed,  
Till the last trumpet shall rouse the sleeping  
dead.

Then, having nought from that dread blast to fear,  
Whose echo shall convulse the crumbling sphere ;  
In fair beauty wake, a heavenly bride,  
And rise an angel who a martyr died.

---

GREENWICH.

*W. J. Shaw, drowned 21st July, 1813.*

IN the cold stream my limbs were chill'd,  
My blood with deadly horror thrill'd ;  
My feeble veins forgot to play,  
I fainted, sunk, and died away ;  
All means were tried, my life to save,  
But could not keep me from the grave.

---

GREENWICH.

*Thos. Chick, died Sept. 20th, 1812, aged 17.*

YOUTH of times, healthful, and at ease,  
Looks to a day it never sees ;  
Oh ! may this Providence increase,  
Our ardour for eternal bliss.

---

CROYDON, SURREY.

*On Mrs. Jane Chapman, aged 30.*

She endured her sufferings and pain, which was  
extremely severe, with the resignation and patience  
of a Christian, and entertained the thoughts of her  
approaching change, with the cheerfulness of one  
who truly depended on the merits of a Redeemer.

MY flesh shall slumber under ground,  
 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
 Then burst the chains in sweet surprise,  
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

---

GREAT MARLOW, BUCKS.

*Robert Weeden, aged 82, 1659.*

THE church he always did frequent,  
 To hear God's word was his intent ;  
 He lov'd the poor, he hated pride,  
 He lov'd God's word, which was his guide.  
 Nothing remains but the actions of the just,  
 Which never die, nor turn to dust.

---

GREAT MARLOW, BUCKS.

*On Elizabeth Cleobury, died 1797.*

COULD sculptur'd emblems ought express,  
 Or shew the loss they mourn,  
 The numerous virtues that did bless,  
 Thy life might grace thy urn.  
 All veil'd might modesty attend,  
 Mild justice might appear ;  
 Religion mourn her constant friend,  
 And patience drop a tear.

---

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT-GARDEN.

*On Mr. John Reynolds, aged 44, died 1807.*

MOURN not for me, oh ! wife, so dear,  
 Nor let my children shed a tear ;

The Lord, who bought me with his blood,  
 Hath call'd my spirit home to God.  
 My dust doth here in hope remain,  
 That when the Lord shall come again  
 To judge the world, his blessed voice  
 Shall raise it to eternal joy.

---

*On Mr. Fenton.*

THIS modest stone, what few vain marble can,  
 May truly say, here lies an honest man ;  
 A poet, bless'd beyond the poet's fate,  
 Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great.  
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,  
 Content with science in the vale of peace ;  
 Calmly he look'd on either life and here,  
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;  
 From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,  
 Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he died.

---

NEWINGTON, SURREY.

*John Mayne, aged 11 months and 16 days, 1810.*

HERE lies a lovely baby dear,  
 Who left his parents to shed a tear  
 Of sorrow on this grave,  
 What e'er parental care could do,  
 And every other means persue,  
 Could not this infant save.  
 The Lord from whom all blessings flow,  
 Look'd down, and called him from below,  
 Celestial bliss to have.

## ROTHERHITHE.

*William Cannall, died Sept. 21, aged 42, 1804.*

WHY all this toil for triumphs of it's hour?  
 What! though we made in wealth, or soar in fame,  
 Earth's highest station ends in, here he lies,  
 And, dust to dust, concludes his noblest song:

---

## NORWICH.

*Robert Brighton, aged 54, 1685.*

IN youth, I poor and much neglected went,  
 My grey and wealthy age in mirth I spent;  
 To honors then, I courted was by many,  
 Altho' I did no wise seek for any.  
 But what is now that wealth, that mirth, that glow?  
 Alas! 'tis grave, 'tis dust, 'tis mourning now!  
 Unless my soul, through Christ, a place enjoys  
 Where blessed saints, with him, in God rejoice.

---

*On Elisabeth Langden, aged 33.*

IN stedfast hope of that glad day,  
 Here lies entomb'd my weary clay;  
 Reader, awake! believe, repent,  
 Thy hours, as mine, are only lent:  
 The day is hast'ning when, as me,  
 Thou too shalt dust and ashes be;  
 Forsake thy sins, in Christ believe,  
 And thou shalt surely with him live.

## CAMBERWELL.

*In Memory of Mr. James Blake, of this Parish,  
who sailed round the World with Captain Cooke,  
as Purser, departed this life June 25, 1803,  
aged 65.*

THE boist'rous main I've travers'd o'er,  
New seas and land explor'd ;  
But now, at last, am anchor'd fast,  
In peace and silence moor'd ;  
In hopes to explore the realms of bliss,  
Unknown to mortals here,  
An haven in a heavenly port,  
Great God to praise and fear.

---

*On Edward Smith, aged 13, 1768.*

STOP, gentle youth, and view this clod,  
Beneath it lies a child of God ;  
Who, through the transient scenes of youth,  
Rever'd and lov'd the God of truth ;  
And when death struck the fatal blow,  
With joy he left this world below ;  
And soaring taught his friends behind,  
Serve him with fear, and you shall find  
That death itself's a gentle friend,  
And peace shall be the Christian's end.

---

*On Mr. Brook.*

THIS grave, O grief! has swallowed up with wide  
and open mouth,



The body of good Richard Brook, of Whitechurch,  
Hampton, South,  
And Elizabeth, his wedded wife, twice twenty years  
and one,

Sweet Jesus hath their souls in heaven, the ground,  
flesh, skin, and bone.

In January, worn with age, day sixteenth, died he,  
From Christ, full fifteen hundred years, and more  
by ninety-three ;

But death her twist of life, in May-day twentieth,  
did untwine,

From Christ, full fifteen hundred years, and more  
by ninety-nine.

They left behind them, well to live and groan to  
good degree,

First Richard, Robert, Thomas Brook, the youngest  
of the three ;

Elizabeth and Barbara, then Dorathy the last,  
All six, the knot of nature's love, in kindness keep-  
ing fast.

This tombstone, with the plate thereon, thus gra-  
ven fair and large,

Did Robert Brook, the youngest, make at his own  
proper charge.

A citizen of London, late by faithful service free,  
Of merchants, great adventurers, a brother sworn  
is he ;

And of the Indian Company, come gain, or lose a  
limb,

And of the Goldsmith's livery, all these, God's gifts  
to him.

This monument of memory, in love perform'd he,  
 December thirty-one, from Christ sixteen hundred  
 and three.

---

HAMPSTEAD.

*Wm. Winthorp, aged one year, died 1805.*

STRANGER, who e'er thou art, while passing by,  
 Stop, and on this memorial cast thine eye;  
 Know that this child was blest thro' life's short  
 space,

With beauty, health, each captivating grace,  
 Of manners sweet that could the heart delight,  
 And ever smiling looks that charmed the sight.  
 Should'st thou so lov'd a treasure still possess,  
 With pious fear, presumptuous hope repress;  
 Remember well by whom the boon was given,  
 Nor rashly murmur at the will of heaven.

---

CHELSEA CHURCH-YARD.

*On Harriet Groen, died 1808, aged 30.*

FAREWELL, thou chosen of the Lord, farewell,  
 Too heavenly, alas! on this frail earth to dwell;  
 Thine earthly care, to trace the path to heaven,  
 Thou diedst assur'd thy sins would be forgiven.  
 Thy friends by thy example taught their God to  
 fear,  
 Live but in hopes, with thee, to meet him there.

## CHELSEA CHURCH-YARD.

*On Mr. Elliott, aged 82, 1812.*

ALL you that come this stone to see,  
Learn these words, tho' wrote by me—

“ O sinner, prepare to meet thy God, know that he will bring you to death, and to the house appointed for all living ; remember ! there is no solid wisdom but in real piety, to die unto sin, and live unto God, and to remember what your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has done and suffered, and to believe that he is your Saviour and your God. Jesus saith, I am the resurrection and the life, and have the keys of death and of hell, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold ! I am alive for evermore.” *Amen.*

## HILLINGDON.

*On Benjamin Buller, aged 24.*

HERE sleeps, from worldly cares set free,  
A suiter for Eternity ;  
Till the last trumpet, thunder resound,  
Awakes astonish'd worlds-around.  
Happy, if when time's glass is run,  
He hears that welcome voice, well done.

## DOVER.

*On Susannah Walker,*

HUMBLE, modest, virtuous, wise,  
 Pity always in her eyes ;  
 Patience ever in her breast,  
 The poor her bounty daily blest.

---

## ROMFORD, ESSEX.

*Thomas Mather, aged 43, 1741.*

A friend so true, there were but few,  
 And difficult to find ;  
 A man more just, and true to trust,  
 There is not left behind.

---

## HEIDELBERG.

*In the College Chapel of St. Peter, is an Inscription  
 in Latin, on Zanchy : his soul, ripe for glory,  
 dropped the body, and ascended to Heaven about  
 six in the morning of November 19th, 1590,  
 aged 75.*

HERE Zanchy rests, whom love of truth constrain'd,  
 To quit his own, and seek a foreign land ;  
 How good and great he was, how form'd to shine,  
 How fraught with science, humane, divine.  
 Sufficient proof his numerous writings give,  
 And those who heard him preach, and saw him live ;  
 Earth still enjoys him, tho' his soul is fled,  
 His name is deathless, tho' his dust is dead.

*To the Memory of Lucy Littleton, daughter of  
Hugh Fortesque, Esq. of Filley, Devon, died  
January 19th, 1746, aged 20, having employed  
the short time allowed her here in the uniform  
practice of religion and virtue.*

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes,  
Tho' meek, magnanimous, tho' witty, wise ;  
Polite, as all her life in Courts has been,  
Yet good as she, the world had never seen.  
The noble fire of an exalted mind,  
With gentlest female tenderness combin'd ;  
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,  
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove :  
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,  
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;  
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,  
Her mind was virtue by the grace's dress.

---

*On Dr. Watts.*

TO real merit due this humble song,  
Watts (now no more) to thee be sacred long ;  
Sweet were thy numbers, as thy soul was great,  
In virtue rich, with piety replete.  
In vain to thee, vice sounds of soft alarms,  
In vain she spreads her gay alluring charms ;  
Thy steady zeal the wiley pore ov'rthrew,  
And gave her veil'd deformity to view.  
From thee our youths enlarg'd their opening views,  
Learned heavenly truths, and reason's proper use ;

With varied beauties grac'd thy tuneful lyre,  
 To charm, deter, correct, improve, inspire:  
 From torturing fears the soul depress'd to free,  
 E'en David's strains receiv'd new charms from thee;  
 In haste to aid, but in resentment slow,  
 An ardent friend, and quick forgiving foe.  
 Oh! may thy soul, now loos'd from mortal clay,  
 Wing its swift flight to realms of endless joy;  
 There all its glories, all its joys improve,  
 In scenes of perfect purity and love.

---

PADDINGTON.

*Mary Mordert Walsh, aged 19, 1808.*

EACH beauteous charm fair innocence was thine,  
 Each heaven born grace thy spotless life adorn'd;  
 In thee, the graces did their beauties join,  
 All fascination's power in thee was found.  
 But, ah! how vain each elegance and grace,  
 When death's stern mandate issues from on high;  
 How vain the charms that deck each beauteous face,  
 When Heaven's all powerful edicts bid them die.  
 Thy Mother mourns, and with an anguish'd soul  
 Bedews thy grave with heart rung tears;  
 With thee all joy has fled, tho' wert the soul,  
 All bright'ning ray that cheer'd her evening years.

---

NEAR THE FOUNDLING.

*On Sarah Bootle, aged 22, 1788.*

BLEST with divine electing love, and grace of God,  
 Blest with faith and knowledge in his holy word,

Blest with humble patience, in long affliction's fire,  
 Blest with holy resignation, her soul's desire.  
 Blest with filial love, sincerity, and truth,  
 Blest with a sympathetic heart, matur'd in youth.  
 Blest with meek good sense, quick and clear apprehension,  
 Blest with modest pride, genius, and emulation.  
 Blest with ready wit, and keen, but gentle satire,  
 Blest with humility, candour, and good nature.  
 Blest with amiable carriage and behaviour,  
 Blest now complete with Christ, her God and Saviour.

---

FULHAM CHURCH-YARD,

*On the two Sons of William Scott, Esq.*

*On James Scott, aged 16.*

HERE in the awful stillness of the tomb,  
 Rests a lov'd youth that perish'd in his bloom;  
 Belov'd and mourn'd, in vain no art could save,  
 The will of heaven appoints this early grave.

---

*On Wm. Scott, aged 18, died 1805.*

DEATH to the just, comes never unawares,  
 It puts an end to all tormenting cares;  
 This was the happy state of him that's gone,  
 To take possession of a glorious throne.

## FULHAM.

IN this Vault is deposited the body of  
 The Right Reverend Father in God,  
 Dr. THOMAS SHERLOCK,  
 Late Bishop of this Diocese, and formerly Master  
 of the Temple,  
 Dean of Chichester, and Bishop of Bangor, and of  
 Salisbury.

Whose beneficial and worthy conduct in the several  
 high stations which he filled, entitled him to the  
 gratitude of many, and to the veneration of all.  
 His superior genius, his extensive and well applied  
 learning, his admirable faculty, and unequalled  
 power of reasoning, as exerted in the

explanation of  
 The Scripture, in exhortations to that piety and  
 virtue, of which

He was himself a great example, and in defence,  
 especially of

Revealed Religion, need no encomium here; they  
 do honor to the age

wherein he lived, and will be known to posterity,

Without the help of this perishable monument  
 of stone.

He died 18th of July, 1761, 84th year of his Age.  
 The powers of his mind continued unimpaired  
 through a tedious course of bodily infirmities,  
 which he sustained to the last, with a most  
 cheerful and edifying resignation to  
 the Will of God.



## FULHAM.

## On RICHARD TERRICK,

Late Pishop of London,  
 Dean of the Chapel Royal, and one of the  
 King's Most Honourable Privy Council ; he was  
 consecrated  
 Bishop of Peterborough in July, 1757, and trans-  
 lated to the  
 See of London in June, 1764, having discharged the  
 sacred duties of his functions, as became a vir-  
 tuous and able Prelate, during a period of  
 twenty years, his great experience and  
 sound judgment,  
 His candour, moderation, and benevolence,  
 Would have raised him to a rank still more exalted ;  
 but though  
 Happy in such a testimony of his Sovereign's  
 approbation,  
 He suffered no inducement to tempt him at so late  
 an hour  
 To change his sphere of public action, well  
 satisfied with the  
 Consciousness of having so spent his days as to  
 Have secured [to himself and to his memory that  
 highest and most lasting of all earthly rewards,  
 the esteem of good men.  
 He died March 31, 1777.

## BERMONDSEY.

*On Catharine Herbert, died July 25, 1795, aged 72.*

BLAME not this monumental stone we raise,  
Is to the Saviour's, not the sinner's praise;  
Sin was the whole that she could call her own,  
Her goodness was deriv'd from him alone.  
To sin, her conflicts, pains and griefs, he ow'd,  
Her conquering faith and patience she bestow'd;  
Reader, may'st thou obtain, like precious faith,  
To smile in anguish, and rejoice in death.

## ISLINGTON.

*On Elizabeth Meymott, aged 29, 1797.*

smitten friends,  
Are Angels sent on errand full of love?  
For us they languish, and for us they die,  
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?  
Shall we disdain their silence of address?  
Their posthumous advice and pious prayer?  
Then, at thy friend's expence, be wise;  
Lean not on earth—'twill pierce thee to the heart.  
A broken reed at best, but of a sphere,  
On whose sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires;  
Earth's highest station ends in, here he lies,  
And dust to dust concludes his noblest song.

## EALING.

*In Memory of Mrs. Abbey, 1788, aged 84.*

IT'S strange that man should start at death,  
With trembling fear resign his breath,

When every hour must plainly show,  
That to the grave he soon must go.

Life to prolong, fond man forbear,  
Thy soul should be the only care;  
To everlasting bliss or woe,  
That precious part of thee must go.

Then, oh! in sin no longer walk,  
Lest tyrant death abroad should stalk,  
And strike the unprepar'd to die,  
Thy soul in torture then must lie.

Oh! then prepare for realms of bliss,  
For everlasting happiness,  
To taste those joys that never cease,  
Where all is social, love, and peace.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

*On Alexander Hogg, Bookseller, died July 1st,  
1809, aged 57.*

A husband, father, friend, all three in one,  
Nay, what is more, an honest man is gone;  
Not gone for ever, only gone before,  
For every honest man to heaven shall sore.  
That's his reward above, below his praise,  
Hence, Reader, then and imitate his ways.

HACKNEY.

*Wm. Thomas, died 21st July, 1804.*

DEAR friend, farewell! at God's command,  
I summon'd was, before His bar to stand;

This sudden stroke of death, calls loud on thee,  
For to prepare, you soon must follow me.

---

HACKNEY.

*On John Fester and his Wife, died 29th November,  
aged 85, 1809.*

THESE were a pair, too scarce in modern life,  
A husband fond, an ever faithful wife ;  
Together four and fifty years they trod,  
The path of rectitude that leads to God ;  
Almost together, down they sunk to rest,  
To rise to life immortal with the blest.

---

*On Mr. Remnant, Undertaker.*

IS Remnant gone ? each weeping eye  
Confirms the mournful tale ;  
He who oft' heard the deep fetch'd sigh,  
Now bids our grief prevail.

But cease ye mourning friends to weep,  
Be on his stone engraved,  
God has ordain'd of those who sleep,  
A Remnant shall be saved.

---

DONCASTER.

*On Robert Byrks, died 1570.*

HOW ! how ! who is here ?  
I, Robin of Doncaster,  
And Margaret, my freare.\*

\* An old word for Wife.

That I spent, that I had ;  
 That I gave, that I have ;  
 That I left, that I lost.

ST. PETER'S, ISLE OF THANET.

*On a Young Clergyman.*

WAS rhetoric on the lips of sorrow hung,  
 Or could affliction lend the heart a tongue,  
 Then should my soul, in noble anguish free,  
 Do glorious justice to her grief and thee.  
 But ah ! when loaded with a weight of woe,  
 E'en nature, blessed nature is our foe ;  
 When we should praise, we sympathetic groan,  
 For sad mortality is all our own.  
 Yet but a word, as lowly as he lies,  
 He spurns all empires, and asserts the skies.  
 Blush power—he had no interest here below,  
 Blush malice ! that he died without a foe ;  
 The universal friend, so formed to engage,  
 Was far too precious for this world, or age ;  
 Years were denied, for such his worth and truth,  
 Kind heaven has called him to eternal youth.

IN THE CHURCH OF MIDHURST, SUSSEX.

*Sacred to the Rev. S. Barnett, 40 years Curate of  
 this Parish, died December 24th, 1757, aged 80.*

DEATH is a mere surprise, a mere amaze,  
 To him that makes it his life's greatest ease ;

To be a public pageant shewn to all,  
But unacquainted with himself doth fall.

---

MIDHURST, SUSSEX.

COME gentle Reader, you shall know, what is  
Beneath this stone—here's nature's rarities ;  
Grand parent's joy, the Angel's charge to keep,  
The saint's companion, but now laid to sleep  
In a cold bed of clay, prepared by death,  
Till God restores to him an heavenly breath.  
Not ten years old, (so young he was) and yet,  
Few did excel him in his grace and wit ;  
Pregnant in learning, memory retent,  
So docile, that few so excellent.  
Should I say all; that was truly good in him,  
I should come short in limning forth this stem ;  
Nor would this stone contain, therefore no more,  
So green a root, more rip'ned fruit, ne'er bore.  
Now if you'd know, who 'tis deserves this praise,  
Then read the next line, and his name and virtues  
raise.

*Thomas Garnet, nearly 10 years old, Dec. 1048.*

---

HAMPTON, WORCESTERSHIRE.

*Richard Cook, died 10th of June, 1709, aged 46.*

READER expect no more, this humble dust  
Disclaims fond praise, who would to it be just ;  
Must learn like him to live, like him to die,  
Who best does this, best writes his Elegy.

## HAMPTON, WORCESTERSHIRE.

READER, inquirest who interr'd here lies,  
 'Tis honest Harry Collins, who to rise  
 To endless glory, rests till the great day  
 Of judgment, summons mortals from the clay.  
 His pious soul ! already gone to dwell,  
 Surely in heaven, who on earth liv'd so well ;  
 Sober and just in conversation,  
 A loyal subject, and the church's son ;  
 More might be graven, but let this suffice,  
 As for example, him to eternize.  
*Who put off this earthly Tabernacle, the 27th of  
 May, 1664.*

## TUNBRIDGE CHURCH-YARD.

*Ann Elliot, Daughter of Richard and Mary  
 Elliot, aged 26, died May 30th, 1789.*

OF matchless form, adorn'd with wit refin'd,  
 A feeling heart, and an enlighten'd mind ;  
 Of softest manners, beauty's fairest bloom,  
 Here Elliot lies, and moulders in her tomb.  
 Oh, blest with genius, early snatched away,  
 The muse that joyful mark'd thy op'ning ray ;  
 Now, sad reverse, attends thy mournful bier,  
 And on thy relics sheds the gushing tears.  
 Here fancy, oft' the hallow'd ground shall tread,  
 Recall the living, and lament the dead ;  
 Here friendship oft' shall sigh, till life be o'er,  
 And death shall bid thy image charm no more.

## SHREWSBURY CHURCH.

*On William Shenstone, Esq. died 11th February,  
1763, aged 40.*

WHOE'ER thou art, with reverence tread  
These sacred mansions of the dead !  
Not that the monumental bust,  
Or sumptuous tomb here guards the dust  
Of rich or great ; let wealth, rank, birth,  
Sleep undistinguish'd in the earth ;  
This simple urn records a name,  
Which shine with more exalted fame.  
Reader ! of genius, taste refin'd,  
Of native elegance of mind ;  
If virtue, science, manly sense,  
If wit that ne'er gave offence :  
The clearest head, the tenderest heart,  
In thy esteem e'er claimed a part ;  
Ah ! smite thy breast, and drop a tear,  
For know thy Shenstone's dust lies here.

---

 MARY-LE-BONE.

*On the Lady of W. Bascarven, Esq. April 14, 1804.*

KIND, tender mother ! fond and faithful wife,  
Here waits the meed that crowns a well-spent life ;  
E'en now, perchance, thy spirits soars above,  
To meet each dear departed pledge of love.  
Oh ! may thy widow'd partner, when the doom  
Of right'ous heaven consigns him to the tomb,



Here, where the lov'd, lamented Charlotte is,  
With her in peace repose—with her in bliss arise.

---

*On Lieut. General Sir John Moore.*

IN length of days, and life's enjoyments poor,  
Yet rich in highest honors—for his Moore !  
Bless'd in the wish his friends in arms to save,  
Lull'd in the top of victory to the grave !  
The Christian liv'd the life that Angels prize,  
The soldier died as many a hero dies ;  
Taught by his prowess, gallia's legion knows,  
How Britain war with treble number'd foes !  
Long may Old England's patriotic sons recall,  
His deeds to memory, whilst they mourn his fall ;  
Crown'd be his glory, by his country's love,  
His toils rewarded in the realms above.

---

PENTONVILLE.

*On Elizabeth Birch, aged 12, 1809.*

BENEATH this hallow'd spot is laid,  
In death's embrace a spotless maid ;  
To this vain world she bid adieu,  
Before the ways of sin she knew.  
Her parents may their offspring mourn,  
And vainly wish for her return ;  
But humbly let them kiss the rod,  
And yield her to her parent—God.

## BARNWELL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

TO the Memory of Eighty-one Persons, who were all burnt to death in a barn in this Parish, while they were attending an exhibition of some strolling players; the barn took fire, and of one hundred and forty that attended it, the above number perished on the 8th of September, 1727.

On the following Sunday, Mr. Edmondson, Vicar of the Parish, preached a sermon suited to the melancholy occasion, from these words of Jeremiah :—

Their visage is blacker than a coal ;—They are not known in the streets ;— Their skin cleaveth to their bones ;—It is withered, it has become dry like a stick.

---

 READING.

To the Memory of  
 The Honorable and Reverend  
**WILLIAM BROMLEY CADOGAN, A.M.**  
 Second Son of the Right Honorable Lord Cadogan,  
 Rector of St. Luke's, Chelsea, and Twenty-two  
 Years Vicar of this Church,  
 Who departed January 18th, 1797,  
 Aged 46.  
 Animated by the noblest Ambition,  
 Rank, Talents, and every other Distinction,  
 He counted but loss,

That he might bear the exalted Character of  
Minister of the Gospel of  
CHRIST:

This adorable Name  
His Theme, his Refuge, and his Joy,  
Which gave Energy to his Principles, and Success  
to his Labors  
In his last Moments,  
When every earthly Consolation vanished,  
Sustained his Soul,  
And bore him through triumphant.

---

DALKEITH.

*On Margaret Scott, died 1738.*

STOP, passenger, until my life you've read,  
The living may get knowledge by the dead ;  
Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life,  
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife.  
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste,  
Now, tir'd of this mortal life, I rest ;  
I, from my cradle to my grave have seen,  
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland, and a Queen.  
Fourtimes five years the Commonwealth I saw,  
Ten times the subjects rose against the law ;  
Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down,  
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.  
An end of Stuart's race I saw no more !  
I saw my country sold for English ore !  
Such desolations in my time have been,  
I have an end of all perfection seen.

## HACKNEY.

*Mary Dunn, died April 22, 1793.*

ALL you that read, think of your future state,  
Oh, pray repent before it be too late ;  
Your time is short, on Jesus Christ rely,  
Consider, mortals, what it is to die.

---

*Mrs. E. Robins, Spinster, aged 62.*

A virgin more chaste, or a friend more sincere,  
With a love more refin'd, or a conscience more clear, }  
Was ne'er interr'd than the maid that lies here.  
Full sixty and two were the years she enjoy'd,  
In good looks and good humour the whole was em-  
ploy'd.  
Not weary of life, nor afraid of her death,  
But with calmest obedience she gave up her breath ;  
When hope lent his wings, which no sooner she tried,  
Then smiling, enraptured, she fainted and died.

---

*On the Hon. Colonel Gardner, who bravely fell at  
the battle of Preston Pans, 1745.*

WHILE fainter merit asks the powers of verse,  
This faithful line shall Gardner's worth rehearse ;  
The bleeding hero, and the martyr'd saint,  
Transcends the Poet's praise, the Herald's paint ;  
'Tis the best path to fame that e'er was trod,  
Is surely is the noblest road to God !

## CARDIGAN.

*On the Son of James Phillips, Esq. written by his Mother.*

TWICE forty months of wedlock I did pray,  
Then had my vows crown'd with a lovely boy ;  
And yet in forty days he dropt away,  
O swift vicissitude of human joy !  
I did but see him, and he disappeared,  
I did but pluck the rose bud, and it fell ;  
A sorrow unforeseen, and scarcely fear'd,  
For ill, can mortals their afflictions spell.  
And now, sweet babe ! what can my trembling  
heart,

Suggest to write thy doleful fate on thee ;  
Tears are my muse, and sorrow is my part,  
So piercing groans must be thy elegy.  
Thus whilst no eye is witness of my moan,  
I grieve thy loss, sweet boy, to dear too live ;  
And let the unconcerned world alone,  
Which neither can nor will refreshment give.  
An offering too for thy sad tomb I have,  
Too just a tribute to thy early hearse ;  
Receive this gasping member to thy grave,  
The last of thy unhappy mother's verse.

## CAERNARVON CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lieth the body of Nicholas Hoeker, of Conway, Gent.

Who was the one and fortieth child of his father,

Wm. Hooker, Esq. by Alice his Wife!  
 Himself the father of seven and twenty Children.  
 He died the 20th of March, 1637.

---

## ST. ALBAN'S.

*To the Memory of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Brother of Henry the 5th, and Regent of England, during the minority of Henry the 6th, underneath the Statue of the Duke, in Latin, Sacred to the pious memory of an excellent man.*

INTERR'D within this consecrated ground,  
 Lies he, whom Henry his protection found;  
 Good Humphrey, Gloucester's Duke, who well  
 could spy,  
 Fraud couch'd within the blind impostor's eye.  
 His country's light, the states rever'd support,  
 Who peace, and rising learning, deign'd to court;  
 Whence his rich library, at Oxford plac'd,  
 Her ample schools with sacred influence grac'd:

---

## BIDFORD, DEVON.

*To the Memory of four Sons, John, Joseph, Thomas, and Richard, who were immaturesly taken altogether by Divine Providence, the 17th of August, 1646.*

GOOD and great God, to thee we do  
 Our four dear Sons, for they were  
 And Lord we were not w  
 To be the sons of faithful

Had we not learnt for thy just pleasure's sake,  
 To yield our all, as he his Isaac;  
 Reader, perhaps thou knew'st this field, but ah!  
 Tis now become another Machpelah.  
 What then this honor, it doth crave the more,  
 Which shall revive, and Christ his Angels warn,  
 To bear with triumph to his heavenly barn.

---

## PADDINGTON.

*Francis Sewell, died Oct. 31, 1811, aged 17.*

ETERNITY with me's begun,  
 Tremendous thought—  
 And perhaps before to-morrow's sun,  
 May be thy lot.

---

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

*On Mr. Gay.*

OF manners gentle, of affections mild,  
 In wit a man, simplicity a child;  
 With native humour, temp'ring virtuous rage,  
 Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age.  
 Above temptation, in a low estate,  
 And uncorrupted e'en amongst the great;  
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,  
 Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.  
 These are thy honors, not that here thy bust,  
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;  
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,  
 Striking their pensive bosoms—here lies Gay.

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

*On Francis Hollis, by John, Earl of Clare, his afflicted Father, he died 12th of August, 1662, in his 19th year.*

WHATE'ER thou hast of nature, or of arts,  
 Youth, beauty, strength, oh ! what excelling parts ;  
 Of mind and body, letters, arms, and worth,  
 His eighteen years, beyond his years brought forth.  
 Then stand and read thyself, within this glass,  
 How soon these perish, and thyself may pass ;  
 Man's life is measur'd by the work, not days,  
 Not aged sloth, but active youth hath praise.

---

*On John, Duke of Argyle.*

BRITAIN behold, if patriot worth be dear,  
 A shrine that claims thy tributary tear ;  
 Silent that tongue, admiring Senates heard,  
 Nerveless that arm, opposing legions fear'd.  
 Nor less, oh ! Campbell, thine the power to please,  
 And give to grandeur all the grace of ease ;  
 Long from thy life, let kindred heroes trace,  
 Arts which ennoble, still the noblest race ;  
 Others may owe their future fame to me,  
 I borrow immortality from thee.

*On the Base of the Monument is this Inscription.*

In Memory of an honest Man,  
 A constant friend,  
 John, the Great Duke of Argyle and Greenwich,



A General and Orator, exceeded by none in the age in which he lived.

Sir Henry Firmir, Bart. by his Will, left £500 towards erecting this Monument, and recommended the above inscription.

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*On the Right Hon. James Craggs, Esq.*

His Statue is represented leaning on an urn, and was the first in the Abbey made in an erect posture, the inscription informs us that he was principal Secretary of State, and a man universally beloved, which is there particularly remarked, because as he was only a shoemaker's son, it is the more surprising, that in the high station to which he was raised by his merit, he should escape envy, and acquire the general esteem. He died February 16th, 1720.

*Upon the Base of this Monument are the following Lines, by Mr. Pope.*

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honor clear;  
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend.

---

FINCHEY.

*William Bradshaw, aged 75, 1764.*

THE sweet remembrance of the just,  
Shall flourish while they sleep in dust;  
In this same grave my body lies at rest,  
Till Christ, my king, shall rise it to be blest.

*To the Memory of Mr. John Church.*

CURST is the wretch, tho' sworn with power,  
 That knows not friendship's holy tie;  
 And he is blest, though sorrows lower,  
 Who drinks the cordial of its sigh:  
 That feeling sigh, that generous breath,  
 Can light with joy the dungeon's gloom!  
 Crown poverty with comfort's wreath,  
 And smooth the passage to the tomb.  
 The tomb! What thoughts that word conveys,  
 In sad procession thro' the soul;  
 And wealth's pursuits, and splendor's blaze,  
 All tend towards the common goal.  
 The gaudy peer, the clumsy clown,  
 And all who labour, all who think,  
 Headlong from life's gay rampart thrown,  
 To everlasting quiet sink.  
 Yet sure, (if right is understood,)
 This fall might some exceptions claim,  
 A little respite to the good,  
 A larger compass to their fame.  
 Ah! were it so! on this sad heart,  
 Still pleasure's images would throng,  
 With notes of joy the lyre would start,  
 And Church would live, and join the song.  
 But never more will that blythe voice,  
 On which the rapt attention hung,  
 Carol the air that bids rejoice,  
 Or soft complaint from sorrow's tongue

That ready wit, by fear unchecked,  
 Which set the table in a roar;  
 Those eyes which gave that wit effect,  
 Enjoyment will present no more.

His was the liberal heart that beat,  
 Responsive to alledg'd distress;  
 And 'ere the tale was half complete,  
 His liberal hand bestow'd redress.  
 That hand oft' link'd in friendship's grasp—  
 That heart, where feeling dwelt, and truth,  
 Death's iron fetters now enclasp,  
 And triumph o'er the bloom of youth.

Cloudless appear'd his future view,  
 Sweet hope her lovely smiles bestow'd;  
 Gay buxom health to him was true,  
 And pleasure in his bosom glow'd.  
 Till gaunt consumptions with'ring look,  
 As miners sap the tow'ring wall,  
 The vital props of, being shook,  
 And grinn'd, exulting o'er their fall.

No more for him the light of morn  
 Shall dance on Spring's reviving green;  
 Shall Summer's glittering robe adorn,  
 Or gild brown Autumn's plenteous scene.  
 For him no more the cheerful fire,  
 Encircled by the winter throng,  
 Shall glow, adapted to inspire  
 The jocund powers of wit and song.

Yet still on memory's firmest seat,  
 His qualities shall sit enthron'd,  
 While yet a heart is found to beat,  
 That once his lov'd acquaintance own'd ;  
 And if example ever mov'd  
 One dormant virtue into birth,  
 Sure those who knew will be improv'd,  
 By thinking o'er his gen'rous worth.

---

*On Mr. John Church, obiit. March, 1813, ætat. 26.*  
 IF wit, with pure good nature join'd,  
 If all that shows the gen'rous mind,  
 Were ever held endowments dear,  
 Weep—for he owned them who is here.  
 Fain would I all the virtues tell,  
 Of that lost friend, belov'd so well ;  
 But grief forbids the strain to flow,  
 And silence best expresses woe.  
 Yet oft' the muse, when evening's lamp  
 Shines in the heavenly arch, the damp  
 Cold vault shall seek, and thought refer  
 To him she lov'd, and who lov'd her.

---

#### WESTMINSTER.

*On George Walsh, Esq. late Lieutenant General of  
 his Majesty's Forces, and Colonel of the 49th Re-  
 giment of Foot, who died on the 23d October,  
 1761, aged 73.*

THE toils of life, and pangs of death are o'er,  
 And care, and pain, and sickness are no more.

ABBEY, BATH.

*On Mr. James Quin.*

THAT tongue which set the table in a roar,  
 And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more ;  
 Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,  
 Which spoke before the tongue what Shakspeare  
 writ.  
 Cold are those hands, when living were stretch'd  
 forth,  
 At friendship's call to succour modest worth ;  
 Here lies James Quin, deign, Reader, to be taught,  
 What'er thy strength of body, force of thought,  
 In nature's happiest mould however cast,  
 To this complexion you must come at last.

HARROW, MIDDLESEX.

*On Isaac Wild, aged five years.*

HAPPY infant, early blest,  
 Rest in peaceful slumbers rest ;  
 Early rescued from the cares  
 Which increase with growing years.

GASNEVIN CHURCH.

*On Thomas Tickel, Esq.*

READ Tickel's name, and gently tread the clay,  
 Where lies the sole remains that could decay ;  
 Then, pensive sigh, and thro' fair science trace  
 His mind adorn'd with ev'ry pleasing grace.

Worth, such as Rome would have confess'd her  
own;

Wit, such as Athens would have proudly shown;  
Substance to thought, and weight to fancy join'd,  
A judgment perfect, and a taste refin'd.  
Admir'd by Gay, by Addison belov'd,  
Esteem'd by Swift, by Pope himself approv'd.  
His spirits rais'd by that sublime he knew,  
Hence to the seat of bright perfection flew,  
Leaving to sorrowful Cletilda here,  
A mournful heart, and never ceasing tear.

*On H. Brooks, Esq. by the Rev. Mr. Skelton.*

HERE lies a casket, which of late resign'd  
Three jewels brighter than the solar beam;  
Such faith, such genius, and an heart so kind,  
As in no second breast are found by fame.

*On H. Brooks, Esq.*

*The following was written by this Gentleman's  
Blacksmith, at Longfield.*

HERE lies a head with learning fill'd,  
A tongue in Greek and Latin skill'd;  
A heart to pity always prone,  
That felt for sorrows, not his own.  
A hand still ready to relieve,  
The poor indeed may truly grieve;  
His very looks reliev'd their haunts,  
And brighten'd up their gloomy wants.  
An eye that wink'd at other's failings,  
And ears close shut to noise and railings;

A foot that even trod in youth  
 The paths that lead to praise and truth.  
 In all extremities a friend,  
 Slow ! slow ! to borrow, quick to lend ;  
 In all his acts sincere and just,  
 Then drop a tear upon his dust.

---

#### PADDINGTON.

*On M. C. Thomas, aged 40, died 1806.*

GOD's love and favour is not shewn always  
 By earthly comforts or by length of days ;  
 Long life on earth did but prolong her pain,  
 In happy death she had the greatest gain.

---

#### ST. GEORGE'S IN THE EAST.

*On Samuel Studd, aged 17, killed Dec. 16, 1809.*

HE lies here, a son most dear,  
 By accident he fell ;  
 But God has call'd him for his own,  
 His matchless power to tell.  
 Both young and old a warning take,  
 And always be prepar'd for death ;  
 By an accident I lost my life,  
 I bid farewell to this world of strife.

---

#### ST. GEORGE'S IN THE EAST.

YES, we must follow soon, we'll glad obey,  
 When a few suns have roll'd their cares away ;  
 Tir'd with vain life, we'll close the willing eye,  
 'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.

## CAMBERWELL.

*On Twins—R. Wade, died October 21, 1810, and  
G. Wade, died December 8, 1810.*

NEAR together they came,  
Near together they went,  
Near together they are.

## CLERKENWELL CHURCH-YARD.

*On Mr. Harris, died 1774.*

HERE rests the man, who, living, dar'd be brave,  
And spurn'd the follies of each vicious-slave;  
Who dar'd to think, to act by virtue's laws,  
And strove to conquer in religion's cause.  
He strove—not merely by the turns of art,  
But steady practice, with sincerest heart:  
A practice founded on fair reason's rules,  
Unknown to wayward, unrepenting fools.  
Such that he was, and how he dar'd excel,  
In future let Arcadian shepherds tell;  
His boast, sweet liberty! for when she's gone,  
Then vice and virtue interweave as one;  
O guard thy Britons, heaven! to latest hour!  
O guard thy Britons from despotic power!

## SUNNING, BERKS.

*On Wm. Simton.*

WHAT you have seen amiss in me,  
shun,  
And look at home, *etc.*



*On P. Doddridge, D.D.*

SUBLIME of genius, and with science bless'd,  
 Of every brilliant excellence possess'd ;  
 Beyond the common standard, learn'd and wise,  
 Of conduct artless, and above disguise.  
 In whom but equals few, superiors none,  
 The friend, the husband, and the father shone ;  
 Lov'd by the truly virtuous, and the great,  
 And honor'd with the flaming bigot's hate.  
 A tutor form'd, to implant in yielding youth,  
 And into fruit, mature the seeds of truth ;  
 A writer elegant in manly charms,  
 Who like the sun, enlightens, while he warms,  
 A pastor blending with divinest skill,  
 A seraph's knowledge, with a seraph's zeal ;  
 Not only taught religion's paths, but trod,  
 And like illustrious Enoch, walk'd with God.  
 Doddridge, these rich embellishments combin'd, —  
 Were thine—but who can paint an Angel's mind ;  
 Heaven saw thee ripe for glory, and in love,  
 Remov'd thee hence, to grace the realms above.

---

*This beautiful Epigram, by Dr. Doddridge, on his  
 Motto, "Dum Vivimus, Vivamus."*

LIVE while you live, the epicure will say,  
 And take the pleasure of the present day ;  
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies,  
 Lord, in my view, let both united be,  
 I live in pleasure, when I live with thee.

## NORWICH.

*Jonathan Linees, killed by a fall from his horse*

*April 7, aged 32 years.*

JUDGE me not, Reader, Christ is judge of all,  
I fell, standest thou, take warning by my fall;  
Be ready, lest sudden death thee surprise,  
And hence two witnesses against thee rise.

---

*On Mrs. North, aged 28.*

GOD grant that all that on me cast an eye,  
May straightway go, and wisely learn to die.

---

## BURKLEY, LEICESTERSHIRE.

*On the Rev. Francis Fox, late Vicar of this Parish.*

MY debt to death is paid unto a sand,  
And pay, thou must, that doth there reading stand;  
I am laid down to sleep till Christ from on high  
Shall raise me, though grim death stand by.

---

*On Mr. William Walton, who died October 12,  
1797, aged 17 years. This Monument was  
erected by his disconsolate Parents.*

FATHER of mercies, to thy will divine,  
Our only hope submissive we resign;  
What ? though we fond admir'd his dawning powers,  
Proud to declare, so sweet a youth was our's.  
Had he to manhood's riper age attain'd,  
More than his death his follies might have pain;  
Thus, mortals, frail, deplore what oft' may prove,  
The brightest emblem of their Saviour's love.

e

## HAMMERSMITH CHURCH-YARD.

*Miss E. Weltje.*

IN beauty's bloom, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,  
 Here a meek virgin consecrates the place;  
 Ye fair approach, nor check the rising sigh,  
 She once, with all your rarest charms, could vie.  
 Her parent's pride! now mourning o'er her bier,  
 In fond regret they shed the heartfelt tear  
 They feel their loss, yet own the chast'ning rod,  
 And yield in grief their daughter to her God.

*Mrs. Letitia, the beloved Wife of J. S. Girdler,  
 Esq. aged 52, 1804.*

AN eye she had that wept for other's woe,  
 A heart that felt for other's grief;  
 But death to virtue, blind, relentless rose,  
 And clos'd the hand that gave relief.  
 Fed by her bounty, by her hand reliev'd,  
 In vain the crowd her loss deplore;  
 From earth she's gone, in heaven her soul's receiv'd,  
 Therein to sing, live, and die no more.

*Mrs. Mary Kenton, aged 43, 1798.*

READER, before thine eyes,  
 A wife and a wonder lies;  
 Her oil she spent, and yet had store,  
 By scattering she gather'd more.  
 Her love, her zeal, her piety,  
 Her care and hospitality;  
 Fit her for heaven, too good for us,  
 Sure she died well, who lived thus.

## EALING.

*Thomas Augustus Tabois, aged nine years, 1803.*  
**CLOS'D** are those eyes which brilliant sense in-  
 form'd,

And cold that heart so many virtues warm'd ;  
 Low is that lovely form, and pale that face, ..  
 So lately shone with beauty, life, and grace.  
 A sweet exotic ! this ungenial clime,  
 Cropp'd the fair flow'r in rich but transient prime ;  
 The pale consumption came, with lingering breath,  
 And laid thy beauty, scarcely blown, in death.  
 But ah ! where living fragrance breathe around,  
 And on whose spotless soul no sting was found ;  
 In that bless'd path, by Seraphs only trod,  
 They blossom in the smiles of God.

*To the Memory of J. Essex, aged 53, 1803.*  
**HERE** lies a model of masonic worth—  
 A model dear as ever was brought forth ;  
 Faith, truth, and justice, were in him combin'd,  
 He liv'd, indeed, in friendship with mankind.

*Mrs. E. Wyne, aged 66 years, 1802.*  
**QUIET** she pass'd thro' life's uncertain maze,  
 Nature her study, and its God her praise ;  
 Devout her mind, serenely she explor'd,  
 The works of God, and silently ador'd.

## CHRIST CHURCH.

*Mr. Edward Gyles, aged 66, 1800.*  
**HE** liv'd within compass,  
 And died within the square.

*Mr. W. Ward, aged 36, 1809.*

HERE prematurely snatch'd from earth,  
 Deplor'd by many friends,  
 Lies one who, living, had such worth,  
 As scorn'd all selfish ends.  
 In life's meridian was his fall !  
 'Twas heaven's omniscient nod ;  
 He left the world in peace with all,  
 His hopes and fears with God.

*Lines on the Infant Son of Captain Hefman.*

THRICE, happy babe, farewell, how short thy stay,  
 Soon to thy Maker thou gave'st up thy breath :  
 Tho' short the time thine eyes beheld the day,  
 Which now are clos'd in the long sleep of death.  
 When the last trumpet shall awake the dead,  
 When rocks shall rend, and sinners vainly flee,  
 When earth shall quake, and ocean leave its bed,  
 Thousands will wish they had died as young as thee.

PADDINGTON.

*On Ann Tillbrook, died October 8, 1805 aged 36.*

TO trace the general source we nature call,  
 And prove the God of nature friend of all ;  
 When wealth forsake us, and when friends are few,  
 When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue ;  
 When the heart sickens, and each pulse is death,  
 Even then our God doth support the just,  
 Grace their last moments, nor desert their dust ;  
 Smiling he takes the soul to heaven,  
 And bids the weeping sinner be forgiven.

## PADDINGTON.

*On William Miller, died August 83, 1803, aged 31.*

HERE lies the body of an honest man,  
Deny it—Who can ?

*On Mrs. Nopping, aged 56, died 1788.*

YE, whose soft hearts the choicest feelings sway,  
With tenderest sympathy this tomb survey ;  
For this dear dust, when animated mov'd  
To all that sentiment and virtue lov'd.  
One bless'd with every better joy below,  
Yet ever ready from this world to go ;  
By illness, to the close of life confin'd,  
Still cheerful, pious, patient, and resign'd.  
Religion's sacred laws rever'd thro' life,  
She shone the kindest parent, friend, and wife ;  
On earth thro' every walk she kept in view,  
God's will, and dying, to his bosom flew ;  
O be this maxim on your hearts imprest,  
Like her be virtuous, and like her be blest.

*On the Honorable Captain Murray, died at Kensington, 1787.*

MURRAY, too early mingles with the dust,  
That face by nature form'd for virtue's bust ;  
Where sweet composure stamp the heroic mind,  
That frame, by banish'd health to pangs consign'd ;  
Pangs ne'er betray'd to passion's unbridled zeal,  
Which left an heart for other's woes  
Of corporeal sufferings clos'd  
Free springs the soul to

*On two Young Men that were killed by Lightning  
on Rock's-hill, Dec. 23, 1790.*

READER ! this stone solicits not thy tear,  
Deem not this sudden stroke of heaven severe ;  
But justly bear upon thy heart imprest,  
This awful lesson which the dead suggest.  
The rich may need, if stained by worldly strife,  
Slow death's repentant pangs to purchase healthy  
life ;  
The virtuous poor require no chastening rod,  
Lightning may waft them to the throne of God.

Sacred to the Memory of  
JOHN DELAP HOLLIDAY, Esq.  
Who with a princely Fortune, and a mind of equal  
Magnitude,  
Enjoyed the smiles of all who knew him ; with taste  
and sensibility endowed, he was the friend of  
Genius, Indigence, and Worth,  
Nor ostentatiously assumed a merit to himself in  
adding to their happiness and ease.  
His excentricities were virtues in disguise, and  
sprung from sociability alone.  
Whatever course he took, and various was the  
sphere he trod,  
Philanthropy was nearest to his heart ;  
Nor could ingratitude, (that haggard offspring of  
a vicious mind,)  
And he has often met her on his way,

Suppress his liberality of soul, or change the intent  
benign his bosom felt.

Above the world, he might be deemed a living  
reservoir of wealth, that pond around it's  
golden streams to bless mankind.

To picture what he was, demands a master's hand,  
for those who knew him well, will heave the  
involuntary sigh, and say—

“We ne'er shall look upon his like again.”

---

DAWSON'S GROVE, IRELAND.

*Lord Viscount Cremone has erected here a handsome  
Mausoleum to the Memory of his first Lady, whose  
Statue, with those of her two Children, are finely  
executed in white Marble as large as Life.*

The Inscription.

Sacred to the Memory of the  
Right Honorable Lady ANNE DAWSON,  
Sixth Daughter of the Earl of Pomfret, by Henrietta  
Louisa, his Wife,

With all the external advantages that continue to  
form a shining distinction on Earth,  
She constantly practised in their sublimest excellence  
all those Evangelical duties, which improve  
and adorn the soul for heaven.

A more particular description of her exalted virtues,  
to such as were strangers to them, would appear  
extravagant, while all that was witness to them,  
would feel it to be defective;

May those virtues remain fixed in the remembrance  
and imitated in the lives of her surviving friends



To the world she can never be completely known,  
 till that awful day,  
 when in the sight of Men and Angels, they  
 will be proclaimed and rewarded.

Of her Children,

Richard Thomas survives her.

Henrietta Ann, who lived long enough to justify all  
 the fairest hopes of a Mother,  
 By her death, afforded a triumphant exercise to the  
 resignation of a Christian.

Died March 1st, 1769.

In a grateful and affectionate sense of the blessing  
 he enjoyed in such a wife,

This Monument is raised,

By the Right Honorable Thomas Dawson,  
 Lord Dartrey.

---

*On a Parish Clerk.*

HERE lies a man thus call'd by God's decree,  
 From troubled life to long eternity;  
 Who oft' in life a solemn lesson told,  
 And cried Amen, to young, to rich, and old.

Angelic songs of mirth, he oft' would sing,  
 Was truly loyal to his Church and King;  
 Yet to life's troubles oft' times he was call'd,  
 To youth, to love, to death, Amen he bawl'd.

But now beneath this stone in dust he lays,  
 Waiting the trumpet's sound for all to raise;  
 When Kings and Princes must, with other men,  
 Wait the last word of God, to say Amen.

## NEWINGTON CHURCH-YARD.

Sacred to the Memory of

WILLIAM ALLEN,

An Englishman, of unspotted life, and amiable  
disposition,Who was Murdered near St. George's Fields, on  
the 10th of May, 1768, by a Scottish  
Detachment from the Army.His disconsolate Parents and other Inhabitants of  
this Parish, caused this Tomb to be

Erected,

For an only Son, lost to them and all the world in  
20th year of his age,

A Monument of his virtue and their affections.

Oh ! disembodied soul most rudely driven,  
 From this low orb, our sinful seat, to heaven ;  
 While filial piety can charm the ear,  
 Thy name shall still occur for ever dear.  
 This very spot now humanized shall crave,  
 From all, a tear of pity on thy grave ;  
 O flower of flowers, that we shall see no more,  
 No kind return of spring can thee restore,  
 Thy loss, thy hapless Countrymen deplore.

.....  
 O Earth, cover not thou my Blood,

*Job, Chap. 16th, Verse 18th.*

Take away the wicked from before the king, and  
 his throne shall be established in righteousness.

*Proverbs, Chap. 25th. 17*

## ASHEY CHURCH-YARD.

*Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Simmonds,  
aged 20, 1813.*

NINETEEN years a maid ;  
One year a wife ;  
One hour a mother ;  
And so I lost my life.

## CHELSEA CHURCH, IN LATIN.

*Sir T. Moore had this Monument erected for himself in his life time, which was to put him in mind of his death that approached and crept upon him every day ; his first wife's body was removed into this Tomb ; he says, he wishes not to fear death, as he trusts to find it, through Christ, a door to enter into a happier life.*

SIR Thomas Moore's first loving wife lies here ;  
For Alice and myself this tomb I rear ;  
By Joanna I had three daughters and one son,  
Before my prime or vigour, strength was gone.  
To them such love was by Alice shewn,  
In step-mother's, a virtue rarely known ;  
The world believ'd the children were her own ;  
Such is Alice—such Joanna was.  
Its hard to judge which was the happier choice,  
If piety or fate our prayers should grant ;  
To join us there we should no blessing want,

One grave shall hold us, yet in heaven we'll live,  
And death grant that which life could never give.

*Sir Thos. Moore was beheaded on Tower-hill, 1532,  
for not taking the Oaths of Supremacy, and  
buried in the Chapel of St. Peter, within the  
Tower, but afterwards removed to Chelsea Church  
by his Daughters.*

---

CHELSEA CHURCH, IN LATIN.

*An ancient Monument, having the Effigies of Thos.  
Farance, Esq. (Father of Sir John Farance,)  
with his three Sons, and Elizabeth, his Wife,  
with six Daughters, all kneeling; under are the  
following lines:—*

THE years wherein I liv'd are fifty-four;  
October 28th did end my life:  
Children five, of eleven, God left in store,  
Sole comfort of their mother and my wife.  
The world can say what I have been before,  
What I am now examples still are rife;  
Thus, Thomas Farance, speaks to time ensuing,  
That death is sure, and time is past renewing.

---

CHELSEA CHURCH.

*On Sir John Farance; he had seven Sons and four  
Daughters; he died Nov. 13, 1638, aged 50.*

WHEN bad men die, and turn to their last state,  
What stir the poets, and engravers keep;  
Try a feigned skill to pile them up a name,  
With terms of good and just, out-

Alas! poor men, such have most need of store,  
 And epitaphs, the good indeed, lack none;  
 Their own true worth's enough to give of glory,  
 Unto their names, which will survive all story;  
 Such was the man lies here who doth partake,  
 Of verse and stoue, but 'tis for fashion sake.

---

CHELSEA CHURCH, IN LATIN,

*The Tomb of Richard Jarvoise, who it seems was  
 a Lawyer.*

THE laws of death the lawyer cannot break,  
 O'er young and old he claims a legal power,  
 Sooner or later cruel death appears  
 And rich and poor without distinction takes.  
 Raging he cut too soon the thread of life;  
 In years tho' young, in understanding old,  
 The love of piety, from earth him bore,  
 And life's inconstant state sends him to heaven.

---

CHELSEA CHURCH.

*A noble ancient Monument to the Memory of Lady  
 Jane Guildford, Duchess of Northumberland, on  
 which is represented in a brass plate her Effigies,  
 with all her Daughters and Sons, to wit—Mary,  
 Margaret, Catharine, Francis, and Temperance;  
 Thomas, John, Ambrose, Robert, Guildford,  
 Henry, and Charles; on it is this further In-  
 scription.—*

Here lieth interred the Right Noble and Excellent  
 Princess, Lady JANE GUILDFORD,

Late Duchess of Northumberland, and daughter and  
 sole heir of the Right Honourable Sir Edward  
 Guildford, Knight,  
 Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

Sir Edward was son of the Right Hon. Sir Richard  
 Guildford,

Some time Knight and companion to the most Noble  
 Order of the Garter;

And the said Duchess was wife to the high and  
 mighty Prince John Dudley,  
 Duke of Northumberland,

By whom she had issue eight sons and five  
 daughters;

And after living 46 years, she died at her Manor  
 of Chelsea, 22d day of January;

Second year of the Reign of Mary the First, 1555,  
 On whose soul, Jesus, have mercy.

REMARKS.—This Lady was married to the great-  
 est subject of that age, whom she survived only  
 two years. She lived to see her husband, and John,  
 Earl of Warwick, her eldest son, both condemned  
 for high treason: her husband was executed August  
 22, 1553, on Tower-hill, and the son soon after  
 died in prison; her sixth son, Guildford, who some  
 time before married Lady Jane Grey, and was  
 the ornament of modesty, learning, and piety;  
 they were also both beheaded the 12th February,  
 1554. The young Reader may be reminded, this was in the reign of her  
 Majesty, termed, Bloody Queen Mary, who reigned  
 five years, four months, and

277 persons to be burnt, viz.:—Five Bishops, 21 Clergymen, 8 Lay Gentlemen, 84 Tradesmen, 100 Husbandmen, 55 Women, and 4 Children.

#### CHELSEA CHURCH.

*To the blessed Memory of that copy and rare example of all virtue, Sarah, wife of Richard Calville, Esq. and daughter of Thomas Farence, Esq. in the fortieth year of her age, being the happy mother of eight Sons and two Daughters:*

WONDER not, Reader, how this stone  
Should be so smooth and pure;  
There's one that lies within, by whose fair light  
It shines so clear, and looks so bright.  
The carver's art could only give  
A form, but not the power to live;  
Nor shall it lose its grace  
Till she arise, and leave the place;  
From loss of whom the mournful urn  
Shall fire, and to cinders turn.

#### CHISLEHURST CHURCH-YARD.

*Inscription on the Monument erected to the Memory of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar.*

To the Memory of

THOMSON BONAR, Esq. and ANNE, his Wife,

Who, after living a blessing to this neighbourhood, were cut off together in their chamber, by the hand of an Assassin, May 31st, 1813. The Parishioners, in Vestry assembled, have unanimously requested that this testimony of sincere concern for

such a loss, may be placed at the foot of the Tomb under which their remains are deposited.

Sacred to the Memory of  
Thomson Bonar, Esq. of Camden-place, in this parish, aged 70, and of  
Anne, (Daughter of Andrew Thomson, Esq. of Rochampton,) his Wife, aged 59,  
Murdered in their bed chamber by a domestic servant, on the 31st of May, 1813.

Let not this melancholy proof of the insufficiency of virtues, even such as their's, (so great, so winning, and so mild) to shield them at the midnight hour against atrocities so monstrous, induce the belief that virtue is not the care of Providence below. Rather let it be remembered, that surely none could have been better prepared for an event so awful! That from them, not alone averted the many sufferings attendant on a dissolution in the common course of nature, but that, full of honor and of years, loaded with the blessings and the veneration of all who ever knew them, and each unconscious of the other's fate, they only slept to wake in heaven. Nor can it be omitted here to record their constant prayer, their fervent wish, (so frequently expressed, and so mysteriously fulfilled,) that they might leave this world together. Horrible, indeed, for the survivors, has been the mode of its accomplishment; still, may they be allowed to think, that it was permitted, in mercy, whom they deplore, and, perhaps, as a sign for such virtues as have been rarely seen



*On Lord Nelson, buried under the Dome of St.  
Paul's.*

BENEATH this dome brave Nelson's body lies!  
His spirit's flown triumphant to the skies!  
His deeds his Sovereign prais'd; he held him dear,  
And on his tomb a nation drops a tear.  
Honour'd while living; honour'd more e'en here;  
What nobler trophies could his country rear?  
A tomb well chosen, tending to combine,  
With reverent awe, thought, human and divine.  
Henceforth shall all this spot devoutly tread,  
And pay a tribute to the honour'd dead!  
Distinguish'd thus, the hero and the dome,  
Their name shall last for ages yet to come!  
His country's pride most glorious when he fell,  
Whence came the stroke! the invidious foe can tell;  
But, amongst her bravest sons consign'd to fame,  
Britain will ever count her Nelson's name.

---

SOUTHAIN, NORFOLK.

*On a Lady.*

HERE rests that just and pious Jane,  
Who ever hated all that's vain;  
Her zeal for God made her desire,  
To have died a martyr in the fire.  
And into thousand pieces small,  
Been cut to honor God with all;  
Her life right, virtuous, modest, sober,  
Ended seventh day of October, 1638.

Her purest soul, until the body rise,  
 Enjoys heaven's peace in paradise ;  
 Her virtues hid from common sight,  
 Enforc'd her husband these to write.

---

#### CHISWICK CHURCH-YARD.

*On the Duke of Devonshire's late Gardener, 1814.*

ON earth he truly liv'd old Adam's heir,  
 In tilling it with sweating pains and care ;  
 And by God's blessing, such increase did find,  
 As serv'd to please his gracious master's mind ;  
 'Till from those earthly gardens he did rise,  
 Transplanted to the upper paradise.

---

#### ST. MARY'S, ISLINGTON.

*On Mrs. Jane Seymour, aged 41, 1800.*

SHE's gone———

So must you sinner go—but where ?  
 No trust in self, on firmer ground she stood,  
 Her hope was founded on a Saviour's blood,  
 A sinner sav'd, who in death's trying hour,  
 Did cast her soul on Jesu's love and power ;  
 And now with myriads of the ransom'd race,  
 Ascribes her bliss to free and sov'reign grace ;  
 As such her happy lot, then why complain,  
 My loss, tho' great, is her eternal gain.

---

#### IN FULHAM CHURCH.

*On Dr. Butts. A Translation.*

PHYSICK, or honor, flattery, wealth, or power,  
 To man, of what avail in death's dread hour ?

Then christian piety alone can save,  
 Our only firm assistance in the grave.  
 Since Christ in life, has been my only joy,  
 Death will bring happiness without alloy.

#### FULHAM CHURCH.

*On Wm. Earsby, of North-End, Gent. who died  
 October 18th, 1664, in the 73rd year of his age.*

NEAR to this place his aged corpse doth lie,  
 Who, whilst he lived, was not afraid to die;  
 His parting soul in hopes of heavenly rest,  
 Embraced death as his most welcome guest.  
 He did that work while time and strength did last,  
 Which many shun till both be over past;  
 Unto God's works his mind was ever prest,  
 Yet on God's grace, thro' Christ, his faith did rest.  
 He run the race, and hath obtained the prize,  
 That which remains, for us to do likewise.

#### HAMMERSMITH.

*Against the North wall of the Nave, near the pulpit, at a considerable height from the ground, is a fine bronze Bust of Charles the 1st, on a Monument of black and white Marble, with the following Inscription.*

This Effigy was erected by the special appointment  
 OF

Sir Nicholas Crispe, Knt. and Baronet,  
 As a grateful commemoration of that glorious  
 Martyr,

# **KING CHARLES the FIRST,**

Of Blessed Memory.

Beneath, on a Pedestal of black Marble, is an Urn,  
enclosing the heart of Sir Nicholas Crispe :

On the Pedestal is inscribed,

Within this Urn is entombed the heart of  
**Sir NICHOLAS CRISPE**, Knt. and Baronet,  
A loyal sharer in the sufferings of his late and  
present Majesty :

He first settled the trade of Gold from Guinea, and  
there built the Castle of Cormantine.

Died the 26th of February, 1665, aged 67 years.

The Bust of King Charles was placed here, by Sir  
Nicholas in his life time, in grateful commemoration of his Royal Master.

Sir Nicholas was interred in the Family Vault, in  
the Parish Church of St. Mildred, Bread-Street;  
but he directed his heart, after his decease,  
should be placed in an Urn beneath  
this Bust.

## **CAMBERWELL.**

*On Mrs. Vagnell, aged 28.*

**SAY** then, did bounteous heaven dispense  
Such beauty, wit, and social sense,

To meet an early doom ;

How soon the purest soul is fled,

To join the visionary dead,

And share the silent -

Fond man, thy vain complaints give o'er,  
 Frail as the blossom of an hour,  
     Thy shadowy term is given;  
 Yet God, his favorite votary knows,  
 Contracts the span replete with woes,  
     And calls the saint to heaven.

---

*Sacred to the Memory of Dame Rebecca Berney,  
 Wife of J. Elton, Stratford, Gent, died 26th  
 August, 1696.*

COME ladies, ye that would appear  
 Like Angels fair, come dress you here;  
 Come dress you at this marble stone,  
 And make that humble grace your own.  
 Which once adorn'd as fair a mind,  
 As ever yet lodged in woman kind;  
 So she was dressed, whose humble life  
 Was free from pride, was free from strife.  
 Free from all envious brawls and jars,  
 Of human life, the civil wars.  
 These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind,  
 Which still was gentle, still was kind;  
 Her very looks, her garb, her mien,  
 Disclos'd the humble soul within.  
 Trace her thro' every scene of life,  
 View her as widow, virgin, wife;  
 Still the same, humble, she appears,  
 The same in youth, the same in years,  
 The same in high or low estate,

Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that ;  
 Go ladies now, and if you'd be  
 As fair, as great, as good as she,  
 Go learn of her, humility.

---

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

*In Latin.*

Sacred to the Memory, hard by, sleeps in Christ,  
 EDWARD WRIGHT, Doctor of Physick, a man  
 truly Christian, who in his investigations of nature,  
 saw God, and worshipped him ; he was learned,  
 pious, and strictly just, who got his great character  
 by curing, not burying the sick, nor did he  
 watch over the purse, but the health of his patients.  
 Whence it came, that being an enemy to no one, he had  
 no one his enemy, unless the man of ignorance ; he was  
 so charitable to the poor, that he gave them advice,  
 help, and physick liberally ; but while too intent  
 on the health of others, he lost his own, and died  
 immaturity, and greatly lamented, July 24, 1701,  
 aged 36.

---

NORWICH.

*Richard Ylewand, Organist, died 15th Sept. 1669.*

HERE lies a perfect harmony,  
 Of faith, truth, and loyalty ;  
 And whatsoever virtues can  
 Be reckoned up, were in this man.

His sacred ashes here abide,  
 Who, in God's service, liv'd and died ;  
 But now by death advanced higher,  
 To serve in the celestial choir.

God save the King.

---

CLAPHAM, SURREY.

*On T. H. I. Meger, aged 23, died 1812, a Native  
 of Norway.*

FAR from his country, and his much-lov'd home,  
 A stranger rests beneath this humble stone ;  
 Yet soon, and seas, or space, or death,  
 No more shall sever from the friends we lov'd before ;  
 Thou, too, O Reader, art a stranger here,  
 Heaven is thy home, oh ! seek thy dwelling there.

---

CHELSEA CHURCH.

*On Lord and Lady Dacres, in Latin. This noble  
 Lord died 25th Dec. 1594. This noble Lady  
 died 14th May, 1595.*

THUS in their tender years true love has join'd,  
 Remorseless death has snatch'd away ;  
 She first fell sick, but this most noble lord,  
 The last of Dacres's race too soon expires.  
 She languishing for her love,  
 Could not survive so sensible a loss ;  
 As one true love, these too alone did bless,  
 See the same tomb shall cover both their loves.  
 As in the grave, so they in heaven will join,  
 A just reward for their unspotted faith.

This Lady erected Alms-houses, near Tothill-fields, for 10 old men and 10 old women, who are allowed sixteen pounds per year, and other privileges; the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London are, by her Ladyship's will, made the trustees.

---

WILDESSEN CHURCH-YARD.

*Mrs. Herbert, aged 34, 1811.*

HERE lies a dear and virtuous wife,  
Who died when in the prime of life;  
Four babes, alas! behind are left,  
Of a fond mother now bereft.  
Ye gay and thoughtless, passing by,  
Who never think that death is nigh;  
Reflect a moment, perhaps that you  
May shortly bid the world adieu;  
Then oh repent before 'tis too late  
For all in time must share her fate.

---

ALCHAM CHURCH, SALOP.

*On Mr. T. Lyster.*

SO, ho, passenger! stay, turn thine eye,  
And see how here these bones do lie;  
Much toil and trouble, envy, strife,  
Doth still disturb thy mortal life;  
But in this grot is now the bed,  
Where I at rest have laid my head.  
As 'tis appointed, thus thou must  
Be acquainted with the dust;



Trust not the world before you try it,  
 For most men are deluded by it.  
 Much like unto a syren's song,  
 Which tempts to steer the còurse that's wrong;  
 It's vain delights, if that thou mind them,  
 At last thou shalt deceitful find them;  
 These seeming joys which thou art craving,  
 Are painted toys not worth thy having.  
 All fill'd with snares, with nets, and gins,  
 For to entangle thee with sins;  
 Therefore no more be seen to woe it,  
 But quit thy love and liking to it.  
 For if the longest life of man,  
 Is but in length much like a span;  
 Then he that stands most surely shall,  
 God knows how quickly, have a fall.  
 Then, pause awhile! and learn of me,  
 That in my case 'you soon must be;  
 And now prepare thyself for heaven,  
 Before the fatal stroke is given.  
 It is not bones beneath a stone,  
 That can do good when life is gone;  
 The greatest good thou here canst have,  
 Is a remembrance of thy grave.  
 And brittle state, which understood,  
 And ponder well, may do thee good;  
 But God's good word, all truth doth tell,  
 And if in peace thou think'st to dwell,  
 Beg of God his grace.—Reader, farewell.

**TOPSHAM CHURCH-YARD, DEVONSHIRE.**

*On Joseph Shallis, who was killed in Battle, off  
Jamaica, 1775.*

FAREWELL, dear friends, weep not for me,  
Tho' young, I died across the sea,  
And all for England's crown ;  
My blood I shed for England's cause,  
I lov'd her liberty and laws,  
And call'd the land my own.

To mansions blest I've took my flight,  
In bliss of everlasting light,  
Where kings no crowns can own ;  
Yet kings and princes, rich and poor,  
All strive for this celestial door,  
To gain a heavenly crown.

The Compiler here presents his Readers with a  
few Epitaphs on Trades and Callings, which he  
hopes will be amusing to all, and offensive to  
none.

**LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.**

*On a Smith, wrote by himself, 1748.*

MY sledge and hammer lie declin'd,  
My bellows too have lost their wind ;  
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,  
My vice all in the dust is laid.

My coal is spent, my iron gone,  
 My last nail's driven, my work is done;  
 My fire-dried corpse here lies at rest,  
 My soul smoke like soars to be blest.

OAKHAM CHURCH-YARD.

*Sacred to the Memory of Mr. John Spong, a  
 Carpenter.*

WHO many a sturdy oak had laid along,  
 Fell'd by death's surer hatchet, here lies Spong;  
 Posts oft' he made, yet ne'er a place could get,  
 And lived by nailing, though he was no wit.  
 Old saws he had, although no antiquarian,  
 And stiles corrected, yet was no grammarian.  
 Long lived he Oakham's premier architect,  
 And lasting as his fame a tomb to erect;  
 In vain we seek for artists such as he,  
 Whose pales and gates were for eternity.

FROME, SOMERSETSHIRE.

*On a Stone-mason, aged 68, 1742.*

STRETCHT underneath this stone is laid,

Our neighbour, good man, Thumb;  
 We trust, altho' his head's full low.

He'll rise in the world to come.

This humble monument will show

Where lies an honest man;

Ye kings whose heads are laid as low,  
 Be higher if you can.

## ST. GILES'S CHURCH, CRIPPLEGATE.

*To the Memory of Mr. G. Aire.*

UNDER this stone of marble fair,  
Lies the body entomb'd of Gervase Aire;  
He died not of an ague fit;  
Nor surfeited of too much wit;  
Methinks, tho' it was a wondrous death,  
That Aire should die for want of breath.

## HODDISTON, NORFOLK.

*On Mr. William Salter, Stage-master.*

HERE lies Will Salter—honest man;  
Deny it, envy, if you can;  
True to his business, and his trust,  
Always punctual, always just.  
His horses, could they speak, would tell,  
They lov'd their good old master well;  
His up-hill work is chiefly done,  
His stage is ended, his race is run.  
One journey is remaining still,  
To clime up Sion's holy hill;  
We hope his faults are all forgiven,  
Elijah like, drives up to heaven;  
Takes the reward of all his pains,  
And leaves to other hands the reins.

## WESTON CHURCH-YARD, GLOUCESTER.

*On William Tomkins, many years Clerk of this  
Parish, &c. &c.*

HERE lies entomb'd within this vault so dark,  
A taylor, cloth-drawer, soldier, and a clerk;

Death snatch'd him hence, and also from him took,  
 His needle, thimble, sword, and Prayer-book.  
 He could no longer work nor fight, what then?  
 He left the world, and faintly cried, Amen.

---

**HENDON CHURCH-YARD, MIDDLESEX.**

*In memory of Robert Thomas Crossfield, M.D. Son  
 of the late Francis Crossfield, of Spinnith, in the  
 County of York, Esq. died 8th November, 1802,  
 aged 42.*

BENEATH this stone Tom Crossfield lies,  
 Who cares not now who laughs or cries ;  
 He laugh'd when sober, and when mellow  
 Was a harem, scarem, heedless fellow :.  
 He gave to none design'd offence,  
 So " honi soit qui mal y pense."

---

**COVENTRY.**

*On Rebecca Sibley.*

HERE lies old Beek, who sold fruit at the cross,  
 And now she's departed, we shall all have a loss ;  
 She was a good wife, and a kind loving mother,  
 And all things considered, we have scarce such  
 another.

---

*On Mr. Stockdale, Tallow-chandler.*

HERE lies Ned Stockdale, honest fellow,  
 Who died by fat, and liv'd by tallow ;  
 His light before me always shone,  
 His mould is underneath this stone.

Then taking things by the right handle,  
 Is not this life a farthing candle.  
 The longer age but a waste taper,  
 A torch blown out by every vapour.  
 To-day 'twill burn, to-morrow stink;  
 If this be true, then worthy Ned,  
 Is a wax light amongst the dead.  
 His fluted form still sheds perfume,  
 And scatters lustre round the tomb;  
 Then what is mortal life? why tush,  
 This mortal life's not worth a rush.

---

ST. MARGARET'S, NEAR HODDESDON.  
*On Captain Henry Graves, died 17th of August,*  
*1702, aged 52.*

HERE in one grave, more than one Graves lies,  
 Envious death at last has gain'd his prize;  
 No pills or potions could make death tarry,  
 Resolv'd he was to fetch away old Harry,  
 Ye foolish doctors! could you all miscarry.  
 Great were his actions on the boist'rous waves,  
 Resistless seas could never conquer Graves;  
 Ah! Colchester, lament his overthrow,  
 Unhappily you lost him at a blow;  
 Each marine hero, for him shed a tear,  
 St. Margaret's, too, in this must have a share.

---

*On a Person who kept an Earthen-ware Shop at*  
*Chester.*

BENEATH this stone lies Catharine Gray,  
 Changed to a lifeless lump of clay;

By earth and clay she got her pelf,  
 But now she's turn'd to earth herself.  
 Ye weeping friends let me advise,  
 Abate your tears and dry your eyes ;  
 For what avails a flood of tears,  
 Who knows but in a course of years,  
 In some tall pitcher or brown pan,  
 She in her shop may be again.

---

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH-YARD, STAMFORD,  
 LINCOLNSHIRE.

*On a Publican, whose Name was Pepper.*

HOT by name, but mild by nature,  
 He brewed good ale for every creature ;  
 He brewed good ale, and sold it too,  
 And unto each man gave his due.

---

BRIGHTON CHURCH-YARD.

*On Mary Atkinson, died 1st January, 1786,  
 aged 77.*

" Periwinkles ! Periwinkles ! was ever her cry,  
 " She labour'd to live, poor, and honest to die ;  
 " At the last day again, how her old eyes will  
 twinkle,  
 " For no more will she cry—Periwinkle ! Periwinkle !"  
 Ye rich be virtuous, want regard, pray give,  
 Ye poor, by her example, learn to live.

---

*On a Glazier.*

PRECARIOUS dealer ! death alas !  
 Has snapt in two, life's brittle glass ;

Keen was thy diamond on the pane,  
 And well the putty stop't the rain.  
 But all thy arts were weak through life,  
 Death cut more certain with his scythe;  
 And thou safe from a rainy day,  
 Art puttied up in mother's clay.

---

WATFORD CHURCH-YARD, HERTS.

*On a young Lady, aged 21.*

THIS life may be compared unto a winter's day,  
 Some only breakfast, and then go away;  
 Others stop dinner, and depart full fed,  
 The latest only sups, and then goes to bed.

---

ROTHLEY CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lies Peg, that drunken sot,  
 Who dearly lov'd her jug and pot;  
 There she lies as sure as can be,  
 She killed herself by drinking brandy.

---

*On Joseph Duss.*

FROM clay I came,  
 Duss is my name,  
 I took it from my mother;  
 I've stood upright,  
 And danced all night,  
 With many a friend and brother,  
 I've sung a song  
 Both short and long,  
 All for to please some other;



But death at last,  
 Hath caught me fast,  
 And took me to my mother.  
 In dust I lay,  
 Cold as the clay,  
 Of this, or that, or t'other.

ST. ANNE'S, SOHO.

*On Mr. Samuel House.*

SAM HOUSE is dead, and laid in dust,  
 As every mortal fabric must ;  
 No matter how well built and stout,  
 He's fallen—alas his lease was out.  
 Ye bands in blue and buff array'd,  
 Lament your House in rubbish laid ;  
 That heart so open and so free,  
 Stood up for Fox and liberty.  
 A House he was well known to some,  
 Where wit and mirth, were quite at home ;  
 Rough cast indeed, and unadorn'd,  
 In native warmth secure he scorn'd.  
 Alike the fretted and the guilt,  
 And other fancies, modern built ;  
 The asylum of unfriended merit,  
 He harbour'd more of freedom's spirit ;  
 Then gorgeous palaces have bred,  
 On domes that bear a roof of lead.  
 But ah ! at last poor Sam is down,  
 And Fox has lost a House in town ;  
 No party sullen death espouses,  
 The great demolisher of houses !

And if an aspect north he bore,  
 Perhaps would not have spar'd him more;  
 His timbers worn (with grief I tell you't,)  
 Spite of the carcase, Mason Elliot,  
 And every \* Masonry beside,  
 Gave way at length to time and tide.  
 His garret once with gimcracks stor'd,  
 No more shall hearty glee afford ;  
 That garret that display'd before you,  
 Enough to furnish many a story ;  
 Then let the House in quiet lie,  
 And pass his ruins with a sigh ;  
 Nor Fox, from Covent-garden hustings,  
 Disturb the cell they've laid his dust in,  
 Until that great concluding day  
 That builds afresh the sons of clay.  
 He then refitted and rejoiced,  
 His cheerful front once more shall hoist,  
 And shew unclogg'd, with rubbish foul,  
 The lodging of an honest soul.

\* Mr. House was Member of almost every Society and Club of note in  
 London ; Freemasons', Druid's, &c.

#### BRIGHTWELL, OXON.

*On Stephen Rumbold, born Feb. 4th, 1582, died  
 March 4th, 1687.*

HE liv'd one hundred and five,  
 Sanguine and strong ;  
 An hundred to five  
 You live not so long.

*On a Mr. More.*

HERE lies More, no more is he;  
More, and no more, how can that be?

**OAKHAM CHURCH-YARD.**

THE Lord saw good,  
I was lopping of wood,  
And down fell from the tree;  
I met with a check,  
And broke my neck,  
And so death lopp'd off me.

**MANCHESTER CHURCH-YARD.***On John Hill.*

HERE lies John Hill,  
A man of skill,  
His age was five times ten;  
He ne'er did good,  
Nor ever would,  
Had he liv'd as long again.

*On a deceased Cricketer.*

I bowl'd, I struck, I caught, I stopt,  
Sure life's a game of cricket;  
I block'd with care, with caution popp'd,  
Yet death has hit my wicket.

*On an Undertaker.*

AN Undertaker lies quite silent here;  
He must have been prepar'd, we need not fear;  
For all his life, e'en to his latest breath,  
His constant study was to seek for death.

*On an Innkeeper.*

LIFE is an Inn where all men bait,  
 The waiter's time, the landlord's fate;  
 Death is the score from all men due,  
 I've paid my shot, and so must you.

## HYTHE, KENT.

*On George Wade, Fisherman, aged 57, 1695.*

HIS netting fisher George long drew,  
 Shoals upon shoals he caught;  
 Till death came hauling for his due,  
 And made poor George his draught.  
 Death fishes on thro' various shapes,  
 In vain it is to fret;  
 No fish, or fisherman, escapes  
 Death's all inclosing net.

## PANCRAS CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lies one, believe it if you can,  
 Who, tho' an Attorney, was an honest man;  
 The gates of heaven for him will open wide,  
 Tho' shut to all the tribe beside.

*On Dr. Fuller.*

HERE lies Fuller's earth.

*On Mr. John Flim, a Painter, of Galway, in  
 Ireland; he wrote this Epitaph for himself.*

HERE lies John Flim,  
 To worms a kin;

Oft' been by vagrant boys beli'd,  
 That while he lived, he often died.  
 Saints oft' he painted,  
 Himself not sainted,  
 Yet leaves, perhaps, a fame as fair  
 As many souls of them that are :  
 He liv'd to the age of sixty-seven,  
 Spurn'd at this earth, and flew to heaven.

---

STEPNEY.

*On William Wheatly, died Nov. 10, 1638.*

WHOEVER treadeth on this stone,  
 I pray you tread most neatly;  
 For underneath the same doth lie,  
 Your honest friend, Will Wheatley.

---

*On a Sailor.*

HERE lies honest Jack, to the lobsters a pray,  
 Who liv'd like a sailor, free hearted and gay ;  
 His rigging well fitted, his sides close and tight ;  
 His bread room well furnish'd, his main-mast upright.  
 Thus hail'd honest Jack, in a voice loud as thunder,  
 To no foreign flag will I ever knock under ;  
 Drop your peak, my old boy, and your topsails  
 throw back,  
 For already too long you've remain'd on this tack ;  
 Jack heard the dread call, and without more ado,  
 His sails flatten'd in, and his bark, she broach'd too.

## WORCESTER.

*On Mr. John Crump, Musician.*

ONCE ruddy and plump,  
 But now a pale lump,  
 Here lies Johnny Crump,  
 Who wished to his neighbour no evil;  
 What tho' by death's thump,  
 He is laid on his rump,  
 Yet up he shall jump,  
 When he hears the last trump,  
 And triumph o'er death and the devil.

*On Moliere, the French Comedian.*

WITHIN this melancholy tomb confin'd,  
 Here lies the matchless ape of human kind;  
 Who while he labour'd with ambitious strife,  
 To mimick death, as he had mimick'd life.  
 So well, or rather ill, performed his part;  
 That death delighted with his wond'rous art;  
 Snatch'd up the copy to the grief of France,  
 And made it an original at once.

## GUDALTH CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lies the body of Robert More,  
 What signifies more words,  
 Who killed himself by eating curds;  
 But if he had been raled,  
 By Sarah his wife,  
 He might have lived  
 All the days of his life.

*On a Printer.*

HERE lies a printer, well-a-day,  
 Who many a proof has given ;  
 His friends have nothing more to say,  
 But wish him proof for heaven.

*On Thomas Remp, who was hanged for Sheep Stealing.*

HERE lies the body of Thomas Remp,  
 Who lived by wool, but died by hemp ;  
 There's nothing would suffice this glutton,  
 But with the fleece to steal the mutton.  
 Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter,  
 He had ne'er been hung for a sheep biter.

## ALLERTON, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

*On Francis Thompson, late Butler to Sir George Savile, at Rufford Abbey ; the Stone joins to the South Wall of the Church, under one of the spouts.*

BENEATH the dropping of this spout,  
 There lies the body once so stout,  
 Of Francis Thompson.

A soul this carcase long possess'd,  
 Which for his virtues was caress'd,  
 By all who knew the owner best.  
 The Rufford records can declare,  
 His actions, who for seventy years  
 Both drew and drank his potent beer.

Fame mentions not in all that time,  
 In this great butler, the least crime,  
 To stain his reputation ;  
 To envy's self we now appeal,  
 If aught of fault she can reveal,  
 To make her declaration.

---

OXFORD.

*On a Letter Founder.*

UNDER this stone lies honest Syl,  
 Who died—tho' sore against his will ;  
 Yet in his fame, he shall survive,  
 Learning shall keep his name alive.  
 For he the parent was of letters,  
 He founded to confound his betters ;  
 But what those letters should contain,  
 Did never once disturb his brain ;  
 Since therefore, Reader, he is gone,  
 Pray let him not be trod upon.

---

RIXTON CHURCH.

*On the Clerk.*

HERE lies the body, and 'eke the bones,  
 Of Rixton Clerk, old Daniel Jones.

---

*Also, John and Mary Jones.*

A happier couple could not be,  
 Whate'er pleased him, pleased



## BRIG, LINCOLNSHIRE.

HERE old John Randal lies, who telling of his tale,  
Liv'd three score years and ten—such virtue was  
in ale ;

Ale was his meat, ale was his drink, ale did his  
heart revive,

And if he could have drank his ale, he still had  
been alive.

## EXETER.

*On a Late Mayor.*

HERE lies the body of Captain Tully,  
Aged hundred and nine years fully ;  
And three score years before as Mayor,  
The sword of this City he did bear.  
Nine of his wives do by him lie,  
So shall the tenth when she doth die.

*On Mr. Edmund Purdon, Author.*

HERE lies poor old Purdon, from misery free'd,  
Who long was a bookseller's hack ;  
He led such a terrible life in this world,  
I don't think he will ever come back.

*On a Footman, who left his place for fear of catching  
a disorder, but died soon after.*

A footman ran away from death ;  
And here he rested being out of breath ;  
Here death him o'ertook, made him his slave,  
And sent him on an errand to his grave.

*On a Balliff.*

Death is a serjeant, and he warrants brings,  
 For our arrest from the great King of Kings ;  
 The greatest and the least, the worst and best,  
 Have sinn'd, and must submit to death's arrest.

## OXFORD.

*On a Pastry-Cook.*

HERE into the dust,  
 The mould'ring crust  
 Of Eleanor Bachelor's shoven ;  
 Well vers'd in the arts,  
 Of pies, custards, and tarts,  
 And the lucrative skill of the oven.  
 When she had liv'd long enough,  
 She made her last puff,  
 A puff by her husband much prais'd ;  
 Now here she doth lie,  
 And makes a dirt pie,  
 Yet hopes that her crust shall be rais'd.

*On a Watch-maker.*

HERE Reader to attract your eye,  
 In horizontal posture lie ;  
 The outside case of one, whom death  
 Hath mingled with her mother—  
 His name was Peter Pendulum,  
 A watch-maker well known

The ability which he possess'd,  
 Did honour to what he profess'd.  
 Integrity was the main spring,  
 Which influenced him in every thing;  
 Nor less did prudence regulate,  
 To constitute his actions great.  
 Humane and liberal, generous, these,  
 Which seldom failed mankind to please;  
 His hand ne'er stopp'd, till he'd redress'd,  
 The grievances of the distress'd.  
 His actions regulated were,  
 So nicely that it did appear;  
 He ne'er went wrong, except that he  
 Had by some stranger to his key,  
 Been set a going, even then,  
 He was with ease set right again.  
 He had acquir'd an art sublime,  
 In the disposal of his time;  
 So that his hours did glide away,  
 With pleasure and delight, each day.  
 Until the messenger of death,  
 Stopp'd his existence here on earth;  
 He quitted life, inspir'd with hope,  
 That as a watch might be wound up  
 When down, so the life's spring was broke,  
 He might again in hand be took,  
 By him who formed life's machine,  
 Then like a watch repair'd and clean,  
 Be put in motion as before,  
 Where death shall never stop him more.

## NEWCASTLE.

HERE lies Robin Wallis,  
 The king of good fellows ;  
 Clerk of Allhallows,  
 And a maker of bellows.  
 He bellows did make to the day of his death,  
 But he that made bellows, could never make breath.

## DEVONSHIRE.

*On a Huntsman.*

HERE lies John Scott,  
 It was his lot,  
 A huntsman long to be ;  
 Frolic and free,  
 Mirth and glee ;  
 Chief follower of the chase ;  
 Who in the field  
 To none did yield,  
 Till death had stopt his race.

The four following Poems were sent by a Lady in  
 Hammersmith, for insertion.

WHEN I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,  
 Yet, fooled with hope, man lives with deceit ;  
 Trust on, and think to-morrow's day ;  
 To-morrow's fals'er than the day of today ;  
 Lies worse, when to-morrow comes to-day,  
 And cuts off all.

*Lines written in Answer to a Letter from a desponding Friend.*

IN grief too oft' we hear it idly said,  
 I am ill at ease, and wish that I were dead;  
 But yet, when death his solemn visit makes,  
 How the mind trembles, and the fabric shakes.  
 Then bear your sorrows with a mind serene,  
 And leave to Providence the change of scene;  
 He best can tell the cause of all our grief,  
 And knows when best we merit his relief.  
 Hence be advised, my friend, despond no more,  
 Contemplate on the fatherless and poor;  
 The aged and infirm, without a friend,  
 And all your ills in sympathy will end.

---

THE noblest victory is to overcome one's self;  
 The best way to honor is not to seek it;  
 The best revenge is to be able to forgive;  
 The greatest beauty is modesty; the greatest  
 sign of modesty is temperance.

The best wit is discretion, which appears in laughing little, speaking seldom, never loud, nor to the hurt of any body.

Graceful behaviour is a carriage without affectation, full of respect to superiors, of affability to equals, of courtesy to inferiors, and of an humble civility to all.

Let us do our duty to God and our neighbours, and endeavour to do good to as many as we can.

## ON HOPE.

AH! woe is me! from day to day  
 I drag a life of pain and sorrow;  
 Yet, still sweet Hope I hear thee say,  
 Be calm, thine ills will end to-morrow.

The morrow comes, but brings to me  
 No charm, disease or grief relieving;  
 And am I ever doom'd to see,  
 Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving.

Yet, false and cruel as thou art,  
 Thy dear delusion will I cherish;  
 I cannot, dare not, with thee part,  
 Since I, alas! with thee must perish.

## THE SPIRIT OF ELIZA.

*To her Mourning Friends.*

WHY do you grieve, that now my joy's complete?  
 That here my Saviour and my friends I meet?  
 Ah! could I speak you from these realms of peace,  
 How sweetly would I bid your sorrows cease.  
 And ask in wond'rous accents—why  
 That flowing tear, that heartfelt sigh?  
 Is it because my painful hours are o'er?  
 And I can suffer on your earth no more?  
 Is it because no longer I'm oppress'd,  
 But safely landed at my haven of rest?  
 O cease your tears in peaceful realms above,  
 I chaunt the wonders of Almighty love.  
 There sin and sorrow ever, ever cease,  
 Here all is joy and love, and endless peace;

Then cease your tears, bid ev'ry sigh away,  
 I shine transplendent 'midst these realms of day;  
 Supremely happy, and supremely blest,  
 Hail scenes of joy—hail realms of glorious rest.

• He: Father and Brother.

*These Verses were spoken by a Gentleman at Chelsea,  
 on account of his Wife's committing Suicide ; they  
 had been married about five months, by consent  
 of all their friends ; they were apparently happy,  
 and had an immense fortune.*

WHY beats my heart ? ah ! more than tongue can tell,  
 And tolls within a lover's woeful knell ;  
 The best of friends, or soon or late must part,  
 To drown with sorrow the surviving heart.

To thee I speak, tho' speech to me is vain,  
 Thy rash departure is my bitter pain ;  
 Where now will all my soothing pleasure flee,  
 While left alone, ah ! thus my fair by thee.

Despondent, wandering the world I'll roam,  
 While here in thee I've lost my blissful home ;  
 Awaiting death to ope the parting door,  
 And lead me hence to thee for evermore.

Take holy earth into thy cold embrace,  
 These blest ashes of the human race ;  
 Take all that here while living was my care,  
 And guard me, heaven, from madness and despair.

*On the much-lamented Death of the Hon. and Rev.  
William Bromley Cadogan, A.M. late Rector of  
St. Luke's, Chelsea; Vicar of St. Giles's, Read-  
ing; and Chaplain to the Right Honourable  
Lord Cadogan.*

HARK! 'tis the sound of grief I hear!

What mean the solemn sounds of woe?

Why do those sable robes appear?

Why moves yon plumed hearse so slow?

Does it contain some hero of great fame,  
Whose warlike deeds bring honor to his name?

No—'tis no warlike hero dead;

No hostile bands the train attend;

No martial sounds; no trophies spread;

No colours waving in the wind;

The solemn scene more awful tidings bear,  
And weeping crowds denote their grief sincere.

While the procession passeth on,

A thousand tongues pronounce his name,

And, faltering, say—Cadogan's gone!

That Saint and follower of the Lamb!

'Twas Grace divine that made him what he was;  
And thousands join to weep and mourn their loss.

How would he tell to sinners round,

The love of our incarnate God!

While many heard the joyful sound,

And found redemption in his blood!

The love of Jesus was his darling theme;  
He knew the Lord, and lov'd to speak



Behold what sov'reign Grace can do,  
 When Jesus condescends to call ;  
 The great, the wise, and learned too,  
 Submissive at his footstool fall !  
 This man of God, accounted all but loss,  
 That he might worship at the Saviour's cross.

But, oh ! the Church must feel the stroke ;  
 Their dear beloved Pastor's dead !  
 That sacred union now is broke,  
 Which did subsist in Christ their head :  
 Jesus has call'd the under Shepherd home ;  
 May they submit, and say—" thy will be done."

And have the poor no cause to weep ;  
 His gen'rous hands their wants supplied—  
 He sooth'd their cares—he fed the sheep—  
 He was their father and their guide :  
 Both rich and poor in him have lost a friend,  
 To all alike he did his care extend.

But yet, methinks, I hear him say,  
 " My friends, once dear, weep not for me,  
 " But follow on the narrow way,  
 " And you shall Christ in glory see !  
 " Here I behold him on his glorious throne,  
 " And at his feet I cast my blood-bought crown !"

### THE THREE WARNINGS.

#### *A Tale.*

THE tree of deepest root is found  
 Least willing still to quit the ground ;

'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
 That love of life increas'd with years  
 So much, that in our latter stages,  
 When pain grows sharp, and sickness rages,  
 The greatest love of life appears.  
 This great affection to believe,  
 Which all confess, but few perceive,  
 If old assertions can't prevail,  
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,  
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding day,  
 Death called aside the jocund groom  
 With him into another room ;  
 And looking grave—' You must said he,  
 ' Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.  
 ' With you ? and quit my Susan's side ?  
 ' With you ? the hapless husband cried :  
 ' Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard !  
 ' Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd :  
 ' My thoughts on other matters go ;  
 ' This is my wedding night, you know.'

What more he urg'd I have not heard,  
 His reasons could not well be stronger ;  
 So death the poor delinquent spar'd,  
 And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,  
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—  
 ' Neighbour,' he said, ' farewell : no more  
 ' Shall death disturb your mirthful  
 ' And farther, to avoid all blame  
 ' Of cruelty upon my name,

' To give you time for preparation,  
 ' And fit you for your future station,  
 ' Three several Warnings you shall have,  
 ' Before you're summon'd to the grave :  
 ' Willing for once I'll quit my prey,  
 ' And grant a kind reprieve ;  
 ' In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
 ' But, when I call again this way,  
 ' Well pleas'd the world will leave.'

To these conditions both consented,  
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,  
 How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,  
 How roundly he pursued his course,  
 And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,

The willing muse shall tell :

He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,  
 Nor once perceived his growing old,

Nor thought of death as near ;  
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew  
 Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his hours in peace :  
 But while he view'd his wealth increase,  
 While thus a long life's dusty road  
 The beaten track content he trod,  
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,  
 And all alone, he sate,

earth, of a sincere and stedfast friendship; but when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and extasy. Mine perhaps may be the glad spirit to congratulate your safe arrival to the happy shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my concern for your happiness is: thither I have sent my ardent wishes, that you may be secured from the flattering delusions of the world; and, after your pious example has been long a blessing to mankind, may calmly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy.—I am now taking my farewell of you here, but it is a short adieu, with full persuasion that we shall soon meet again.—But oh! in what elevation of happiness!—In what enlargement of mind, and what perfection of every faculty!—What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages of which we shall be eternally possessed!—To him that loved, and washed us in his blood, shall we ascribe immortal glory, dominion, and praise for ever: this is all my salvation, all my hope. That name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the families of the earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailling confidence. In his worth alone I expect to stand justified before infinite purity and justice.—How poor are my hopes, if I depended on those works, which my vanity, or the partiality of men have called good; and which, if examined by divine purity, would prove, perhaps, but specious sins! The best actions of my life would be found defective, if

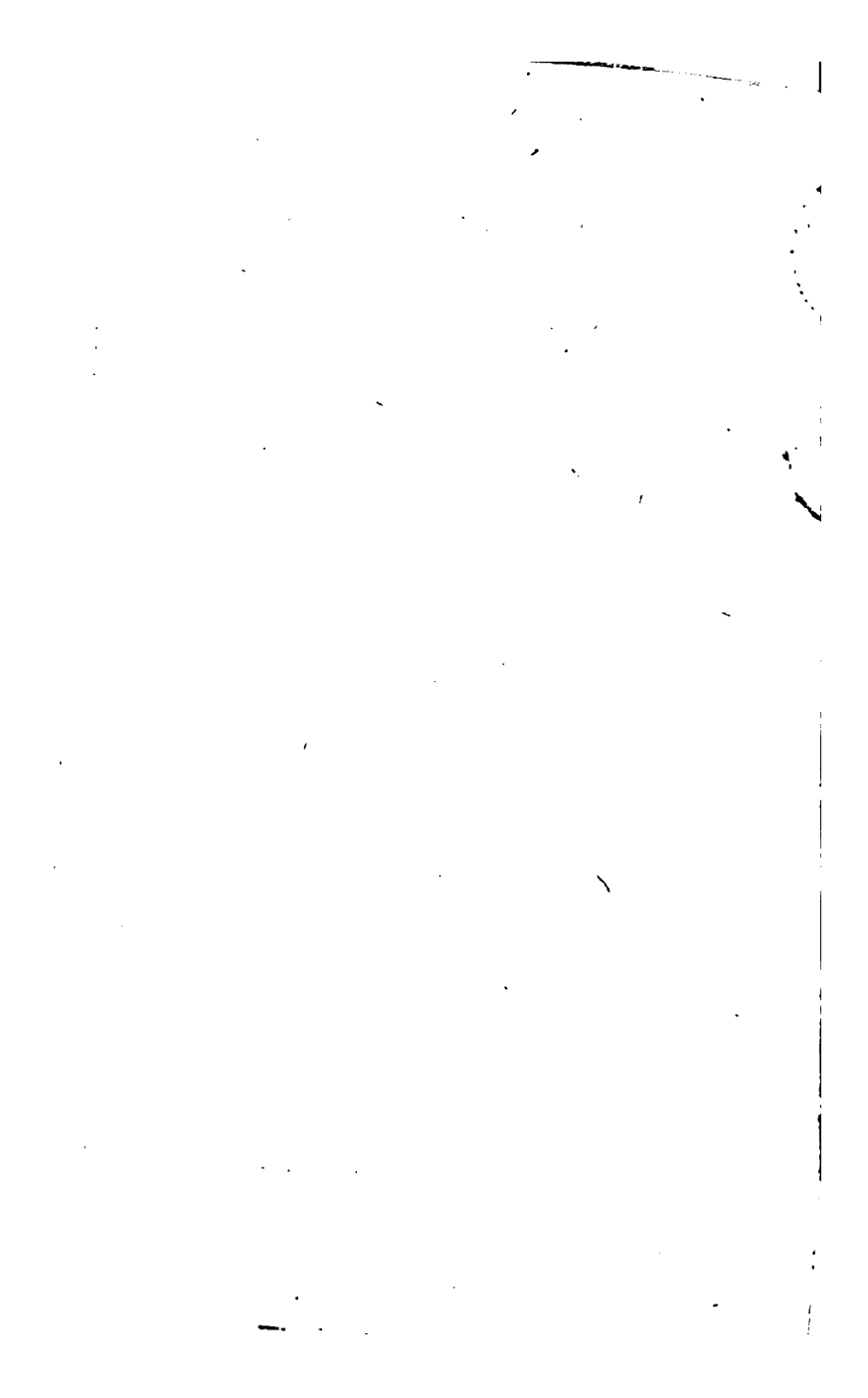
brought to the test of that unblemished holiness, in whose sight the heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes, but for a Redeemer's merit and atonement?—How desperate, how undone my condition!—With the utmost advantages I could boast, I should step back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemished Majesty?—Oh Jesus! What harmony dwells in thy name! Celestial joy and immortal life are in the sound:—Let angels set thee to their golden harps, let the ransomed nations for ever magnify thee.—What a dream is mortal life! What shadows are all the objects of mortal sense! All the glories of mortality (my much loved friend) will be nothing in your view, at the awful hour of death, when you must be separated from this lower creation, and enter on the borders of the immortal world.

Something persuades me this will be the last farewell in this world; heaven forbid it should be an everlasting parting! May that divine protection, whose care I implore, keep you steadfast in the faith of christianity, and guide your steps in the strictest paths of virtue. Adieu, my most dear friend, until we meet in the Paradise of God.

E. ROWE.

**FINIS.**





Th' unwelcome messenger of fate,  
 Once more before him stood.  
 Half kill'd with anger and surprise,  
 ' So soon, return'd ! old Dobson cries.  
 ' So soon, d' ye call it !' Death replies ;  
 ' Surely, my friend, you 're but in jest ;  
 ' Since I was here before  
 ' 'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,  
 ' And you are now four-score,'  
 ' So much the worse the clown rejoin'd ;  
 ' To spare the aged would be kind ;  
 ' However, see your search be legal ;  
 ' And your authority—is 't regal ?  
 ' Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
 ' With but a Secretary's warrant.  
 ' Besides you promis'd me three Warnings,  
 ' Which I have look'd for nights and mornings !  
 ' But for that loss of time and ease,  
 ' I can recover damages.'  
 ' I know,' cries Death, ' that at the best,  
 ' I seldom am a welcome guest ;  
 ' But don't be captious, friend at least :  
 ' I little thought you'd still be able  
 ' To stump about your farm and stable ;  
 ' Your years have run to a great length ;  
 ' I wish you joy, tho', of your strength !'  
 ' Hold,' says the farmer, ' not so fast !  
 ' I have been lame these four years past.'  
 ' And no great wonder,' Death replies :  
 ' However, you still keep your eyes ;



'And sure, to see one's loves and friends,  
 'For legs and arms would make amends.'  
 'Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might,  
 'But latterly I've lost my sight.'  
 'This is a shocking story, faith ;  
 'Yet there's some comfort still,' says Death :  
 'Each strives your sadness to amuse ;  
 'I warrant you hear all the news.  
 'There's none, cries he ; and if there were,  
 'I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'  
 'Nay, then ! the spectre stern rejoind',  
 'These are unjustifiable yearnings ;  
 'If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,  
 'You have had your three sufficient Warnings.  
 'So come along, no more we'll part :'  
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart ;  
 And now, old Dobson turning pale,  
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

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Extract of a Charge to the Clergy, by the Right  
 Rev. Beilby Porteus, D.D. late Bishop of London,  
 1809 ;

"It will not be sufficient," says his Lordship, "to  
 amuse your hearers with ingenious essays on the  
 dignity of human nature, the beauty of virtue, and  
 the deformity and inconvenience of vice. This will  
 be a feeble and ineffectual effort ; will be as sound-  
 ing brass and a tinkling cymbal. If you wish for  
 any effectual success, you must take a very different  
 course ; you must lay before your people, with  
 plainness and with force, the great fundamental

Doctrines of the Gospel; you must show them to themselves; you must tell them plainly and honestly what they are, and what they ought to be; you must convince them that they are frail, corrupt, and fallen creatures; that man, since he came out of the hands of his Creator, has contracted a radical taint, which has miserably vitiated his moral frame; that the remedy, the only remedy for this great, this inevitable disease of the soul, is to be found in the Gospel. In the application of the means there pointed out for the recovery of what we have lost; in the renovation of the heart and life by its doctrines and precepts; in the illumination of the understanding; in the sanctification of the soul by the influence of the holy spirit; and, above all, a firm reliance on the sacrifice made upon the Cross. These great Evangelical Doctrines cannot be too frequently repeated, and that with devout and solemn earnestness on the minds of your hearers; so that it may be brought home to their consciences, their affections, and their hearts. This alone can awaken them to a just sense of their condition, and convince them of the absolute necessity of repentance, of a vital faith in Christ, which will produce an uniform obedience to his laws."

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The following Letter was sent to the Brother of the unfortunate young Man, written while under sentence of death, in Newgate. The Brother was an Appren-

tice in the family of a much esteemed Friend of the Compiler, in London. It was his misfortune to join, through much persuasion, in a forgery; that he died a true penitent there is not a shadow of doubt:—

*“Cell, Newgate, Dec. 19, 1798.*

**“MY DEAR BROTHER,**

“I believe this is the first time I ever addressed you by letter, and it is a solemn occasion on which I am now about, but God Almighty grant what I offer to you at this time, may render you that service which I wish. You see in me (your own brother) an awful instance of apostacy; my neglecting the ways of God has brought me to this dreadful place. You may (and I hope will) perceive by this, how dangerous it is to associate with bad company. Whatever you do, my good fellow, keep God in your view; be continually looking to him, and praying to him that he may be your protector; and if you are kept by him, you will be well kept. Recollect it is not merely attending the ordinances; it is not merely going to Church that will make you a Christian; it is possessing the love of God. You must beg of God to teach you what you do not comprehend in his word. Recollect it is not reading over a form of prayer that will benefit you, it is feeling your want of an interest in the blood of Christ, that cleanseth from all sin. Let me intreat you, in the name of God, to shun the path of wickedness, and endeavour to trace out

through the Scriptures, the path of virtue. My dear Brother, I have but a short time (to all appearance) to exist in this world; a few days will terminate my natural life, and I hope it will be a warning to you. Now, my request is, that you do all you can to comfort your poor dear Mother, and though I have brought a load of troubles on her by my misconduct, yet do thou endeavour to erase them by your good behaviour, and endeavour to prevent her hoary hairs from going down with sorrow to the grave: be thou a comfort to her, and where I have been remiss, do thou be diligent. I have offended her, but doubt not she forgives me. You know, as well as I do myself, that she has been a mother to us both, and I deserve greater punishment than I endure for behaving to her as I have. Do, my dear boy, endeavour to be a comfort to her, and God will reward you. Pray for her, that she may be enabled to bear with Christian fortitude the heavy stroke of my ignominious dissolution. Now I have a charge to give you concerning your sister who is at home; live in unity with her, endeavour to be of assistance to her, in seeing her children brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord; in fine, do every thing that lays in your power to render the residue of their days comfortable, if it should please Almighty God to spare your life. With respect to your sister H——, act towards her with brotherly love, as well as towards Mr. H——, who is your brother, and may

